

# THE LIVING AGE.

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## AFTER SUNSET.

Long since, the sun sank in low-brooding storm,  
Enshrouded in tempestuous gray and gold;

And, as we cower beneath o'erwhelming night,  
Unlit of any star, the wind blows cold

Upon our brows that glowed so blithe and warm  
While yet we looked upon the living light.

Yea, night is on us—blind and blank with fear  
For us who dread the pitfalls of the dark,

Who, huddling close, with doubtful hearts, await  
The ultimate deluge, or the kindling spark

Of some incredible daybreak; and who peer  
With hopeless eyes beyond the eastern gate.

Still, darkness holds the heavens; and, eastward, night  
Broods deepest; yet, as we with groping hands

Touch one another timidly, a sense  
Of imminent dawn thrills unknown seas and lands;

And we await the inevitable light  
With breathless lips and fingers clasped and tense.

We live through dawns and sunsets; life is not  
One day's triumphal progress. Though it seem

That we shall look no more upon the sun,  
Yet shall we live to realize our dream,

And see old dawns reorient: this our lot  
To know no end, no last goal lost or won:

For we are children of eternity,  
And not of times and seasons; birth and death

Are but as sunrise and sundown; we live in the universal destiny; our breath,  
Infinity; our endless doom to be

The immortal quickening in the fugitive.

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.

## INDIA TO BRITAIN.

(A Fragment from a Masque of Empire.)

*India speaks.*

Out of the East from the land of the sunrise  
Haste I where duty and homage belong.

Others may boast of their lands and their riches;  
Little reck I or of war or of song.

Long have I suffered the yoke of the stranger,  
Bloody and fierce were the battles they fought.

Brave they may be, yet I smile at their conquests—  
Mine is the infinite Kingdom of Thought.

Maya! Illusion! The tramp of their armies,  
See how like phantoms they come and they go;

Think they have won, and in grasping the shadow  
All that is Real for ever forego.

Many have passed like the mists of the morning,  
Yet have I prayed that thy Rule may endure.

Well of the poor have I named thee protector,  
Firm is thy Faith and thy Justice is pure.

I dwell apart in the realm of the Spirit,  
Safely my people confide to thy hands.

Thou wilt preserve when the plague and the famine  
Smite in my cities and ravish my lands.

Kalsar-i-Hind! all my races acclaim thee;  
Under thy law may my Spirit find rest.

Thou who hast learnt that to govern is service,  
I, too, will hail thee; O Star of the West.

H. M. A. S.

The Spectator.

**THE HOUSE OF LORDS.****BY THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.**

There are few who would not prefer to be an M. P. rather than a Peer. There is all the difference between youth and age. The House of Commons is invigorating and youthful; the House of Peers is depressing and aged. You hear more fun in the Commons smoking-room in an evening than you do in the Peers' Library in a life-time. The Commons debates are generally interesting, and are especially enjoyable when you have not to take part in them. An ideal Commons existence is to know men and what they are doing, to hear all that is going on, and to take part in all that is happening, without having to talk thereon. If you do, the best House of Commons manner is an informed argument, delivered with force and loudness, with "the ginger" of personalities, as good-naturedly administered as possible. The best House of Lords manner is that of a confidential physician with a good bedside manner, without any visible feeling beyond that of an exceedingly respectful sympathy. Of course there are histrionic and firework orators on both sides, who "draw a House," and speak to break the backs of opponents' influence, and also the backs of the ladies who crane over the galleries to listen to them. But the real battle is in the country. It is they who make the Commons. They don't make the Lords as a body. Interest, therefore, settles on the Commons. So does the excitement.

Is excitement always the best frame of mind for the making of just and lasting settlements? Don't we often want second thoughts, thought out in quiet? A second chamber allows heat to subside, and "cons" to be considered dispassionately with the "pros." Age may mumble a little, but if you can

hear what age says, is not a mumbling of good and useful experience as well worth hearing as is the often raw exuberance of youth? All human experience says "yes." It is not enough to say that experience will be patiently heard for a short time, and then knocked on the head. That is not the method of weighing reasons adopted by the civilization of ancients or moderns. If there be disagreement between youth and age, there should be an appeal, not a hasty one, but a deliberate appeal to the judgment of the whole of the commonalty, after the arguments of experience have been fully heard. Athens may have shouted for the People against the Philosophers, as some now shout for People against Peers. But the Philosophers were fully heard before the old civilization took final steps for change. This was because the Philosophers represented the gathered experience of the people. The people's convictions change, and quick changes are not always the result of live convictions. The people who are most cautious are most enduring. Does not a second chamber correct impulse, and provide a heat other than the quick flame of straw?

The main difficulty regarding Reform of the House of Lords is that such reform must be done by statute, and that the House of Commons, unless there be a Unionist majority there, will not consent to pass any statute for reform. The object of a House of Commons jealous of any "interference" by the Peers, is to weaken, not to strengthen or reform the House of Lords. All the abuse of the Peers on account of their hereditary privileges is not used for reform, but for the abolition, of the House of Peers, without any substitu-

tion of another framework which might make a "second chamber" more powerful. It is destruction, not reform, that is aimed at. Were a Bill proposing to limit legislative functions to selected or elected Peers brought in for the sanction of the House of Commons, that House, under its present leadership, would throw out the Bill, because it might place the House of Lords on a parity with the Commons, instead of doing what is wanted—namely, to cast the Lords under the feet of the Commons.

It is a one-chamber government that is wanted, with no clogging consultations with any other chamber—no second thoughts—no deliberate appeal to the people—only at best an arranged and engineered referendum to confirm by a plebiscite anything passed through the House of Commons by a dominant temporary majority. No matter how grave the issue may be, the decision shall be arrived at within two or three years, and a constitution arising from the natural growth of centuries shall be at the mercy of a fleeting fashion or passion. Needless to say, such procedure, tending as it must to violent reaction, would equally lay the originators of the change at the feet of the vanquished, when the pendulum of the elections swung back and it became the turn of the beaten to be the victors. Our usage to have our laws "broad-based upon the people's will, and broadening slowly down from precedent to precedent," would be changed for the pell-mell scramble for office stamping the ministry of the day as masters able to carry all before them. The people would be nowhere, the ministry would be in the saddle to make them do as the ministry might dictate.

As long as it is impossible to carry a strengthening of the House of Lords through a Commons chamber, which desires its weakening and not its strengthening, what is the use of elab-

orate schemes of reform? These must be statutory, and this statute cannot be got. It is easy to reform on paper, there is indeed nothing easier. Hereditary legislation is indefensible. Cut it out, then. But you cannot, for the Commons won't allow it, as long as the Commons vote against any limitation of their authority. On paper you can make a Peers' chamber as strong as is the Senate in the United States. That constitution, moulded by Washington, is the latest and the best. It has stood the test of time. It is supported by all the States of the Union, for the individuality of each State is therein secured. The Chairman of the Senate's Committee on Foreign Affairs is the most powerful man in the Union, except the President. Check after check is provided against hasty legislation, and against the continuing domination of any ministry. But many people over here are ready to turn against all American, against all British experience. Any check system is odious to an impatient crowd elated by their success at a single election. They are like men who lay metal to make a new road, and won't have any steam-roller to flatten the rough stuff they have enthusiastically pitched upon the track. No sifting and sieving for them! The material they have thrown down is excellent! Why should the people not be made to walk thereon, and gradually flatten it for themselves? Is it of any use to show the value of taking out the rough lumps? Is it of any use to show how carefully the surface has hitherto been prepared, and what pains have been taken in the doing of it? No! The innate genius of the new must be taken as being all-sufficient over the methods of the old. Let us have no painful riddling of the material. Dump it down. The old riddlers and sifters were some of them feeble laborers—therefore their whole work must be wrong!



"That is not our language, not at all," say the hasty ones; "we can make a good road. It is the Lords who bar the way. It is they who put down an obstruction, making the road impassable." But is this the case? When has the Revising Chamber stopped and ruined any measure that the people have declared by repeated votes must pass? No such instance exists. It is the fiat of the people when fully informed that must open all gates on the road of progress. It is not the hasty passage of any vehicle, however crazy, that is demanded.

The majority of men are too busy to attend to politics. They require to be informed, not during one given year, but repeatedly, of the arguments for or against change. The mere assertion of cruelty being exercised, the mere talk of unequal treatment, the mere fear of alleged injustice, the bare promise of levelling up or of pulling down is enough to deceive an electorate, conscious of its good intentions, and eager for the amendment of evil. But this very electorate has in all civilized countries provided for delays; for opportunity for reflection; for assurance that it is not being misled; for security that the remedy proposed may not prove worse than the disease. This has been more emphatically the case since a nation's life has become complex, and has to represent not an upper class only, but all classes of a complicated organization. It is this adequate reflection in an assembly of all interests that prevents violent oscillation along the road, that makes the wheels roll without jolting, or collapse of the "machine."

It is the same principle that directs men to have inferior and superior Courts of Law, to test, and retest statement and cause, plea and counter-evidence. To do less would be to revert to the savage state when might was right, and the minority had to suf-

fer until they in turn prepared the suffering for their former masters. Is there any reason for relapsing into the primitive simplicity and suffering of prehistoric Britain? Does the Revising Chamber do its work badly? The opinion of the lawyers who argue before its courts, whether of judicature or only of committees, is wholly in favor of the work done. There is an absence of motive in their findings, there is an evident independence which does not exist elsewhere. A man with constituents to please must be more inclined to think of what they will say of his verdict, than a man who has no constituents. Therefore the presence on all Committees of Peers forms a valuable element, giving confidence that impartial justice will be dealt. Few know how constant is the labor undergone during the Session in such Committee work.

Now, since it is useless to speak of reforms until you have some chance that reform would be allowed, and this at present being impossible, is there anything that may be done without statute? Is there anything the Lords could do of their own accord, and without the leave of the House of Commons? "Nothing that would be of legal force," must be the reply. But could anything be done by social pressure, and internal arrangement? This would depend on the docility of its members to any rule made by the majority. The majority could not force the exclusion from a Division on any question when a Peer desired to vote. Could it be made unpleasant for any "black sheep" to "show up"? It is doubtful. Supposing it were arranged that twelve or more Summoners should be appointed by each side, and that no Peer should be expected to vote unless he were specially summoned. Would those not summoned abstain from coming and voting? It is doubtful. They might insist on exercising their legal

right, summons or no summons. There are probably only two or three who would not be summoned. It is not likely that these few individuals would be men to show docility to any rule which could not be enforced except by black looks or some other social deterrent.

A Resolution of the House declaring its will that only a selection of their number should vote could have no legal power. At best such a resolution could only show the good intentions of the majority to a discerning public. But the public would have to back the Lords in their good intentions by instructing their representatives in the Commons to vote for what the Lords desired—that is, to vote for the strengthening of the Lords in their influence in the commonwealth. Will they do so? Not at present, at all events. The party at present in power desire to elbow out the Lords, not to say to them "More power to your elbow!" This phase of feeling will probably only come when the Lords can be called the direct representatives of districts in which the voter shall elect the Peer to be his *alter ego* in a new Senate. An equal number of men who have held official position in the nomination of former Governments might be held also to represent the people, because they have been chosen by those elected by the constituencies. All heads of Government departments, retired from duty, might be held to have the same qualification as representative of the people's experience in the actual conduct of Government administration. These form a considerable body, who would be most useful. Would the constituencies be jealous of giving any permanent power to the nominees of their own creation? Perhaps not, except in times of excitement.

It is an unfounded assumption that the Peers have little to do. It is true

that, as in the Commons, a man may "take it easy," and the abstention from much talk either in the House or at public party meetings is not the least valuable quality of many of the Peers. Such silence and comparative detachment is more favorable for the formation of a cool judgment than is the "hack-in-harness" condition of mind evolved by the crack of the Party Whip. Independence and individual thought are not bad elements in a chamber of revision. Nor is it by any means inconvenient to have a number of men from whom can be selected the committees which have to weigh evidence and report on the many matters awaiting their decision. I do not know that any one contests the value of the judicial functions of the Supreme Court consisting of legal members of the House of Lords. It has been a practice of the House to confirm the judgment of the majority of the judges when any legal matter has been decided by the judicial members. Thus, when the famous Douglas cause, between the families of Hamilton and Douglas for the succession to the property of Bothwell Castle and other estates, was decided by the Scots Court of Session for the Hamilton claim, and the Law Lords in the Upper Chamber decided in the contrary sense for the Douglas party, the lay Peers who had also to vote confirmed the decision of their judicial brethren. But the power in case of obvious partiality has always been exercised against the majority of the Law Lords. It is in the independence and the freedom from any feeling of having to "fear the consequences" that the Revising Chamber has a value all its own. It shares such a virtue with the Senate of the United States. Well did George Washington know the value of an independent judgment, a judgment that can be given free from the feeling that "I must remember my constituents." But the or-

ordinary member of the Upper House needs this independence constantly, for he constantly sits on committees, sometimes with and sometimes without the members of the Commons sharing with him the duty. The committee work now done in the country often takes Commoner and Peer away to a provincial city distant from London during the height of the session for three weeks or longer, in order that local disputes regarding railways, tramways, water supply, etc., may be heard and decided.

The cases before the Lords' committees must be conscientiously attended to, and the Report finally come to must be signed by all the members; the minority Report, if there be a division of opinion, requiring as much care as, and entailing responsibility in an almost equal degree with, the Report of the majority. It has never been alleged that important matters mentioned in evidence have been neglected. The confidence in a full and impartial hearing is quite as great when the case is before the one House as before the other, to put the fact very mildly. No one need imagine that because the Lords meet later, and rise earlier, than do the Commons, the output of work is less. The work of their tongues is often less. The work of their brains is often—well, let us say, to be respectful—equally great. No one has yet suggested that, in the sphere of law and justice, the verdict of a lower court if twice repeated should supersede the verdict of the higher court. No one has called the first court "the people," or said that a verdict which the grumbler dislikes means the police magistrate and "the People against the Peers." Yet this is the cry in politics. It might read otherwise. It might read, "the People and the Peers against the Prime-minister's Precipitation." An upper House, however imperfect it may be, should always be allowed the

power of asking that the people consider again the evidence on any important question before they finally confirm or modify their judgment formed on first impressions. This is the lesson taught and maintained by all the great English-speaking democracies; the people's vote must rule, but after full evidence has been given for their deliberate judgment. Otherwise a ministry becomes not their representative, but their master. The ministry, if it desires to prove its right to its existence, and its true representation of the people, must submit all great questions, not to one but to two parliaments chosen by the people, to decide vital matters of change.

The function of revision—the necessity of deliberation in making changes in an old-established State—is as necessary now as it was when Washington provided for it in the United States. That all the wheels of the revising machinery are not free of rust is a secondary matter. That all Peers are not perfect is nothing. Isolated personal traits have nothing to do with the question. You may as well object to the necessary operation of shaving or hair-cutting, because you don't quite like "the cut of the jib" of your barber. Abolish an effectual revision, deny to the people the right of interference when they see things going wrong, and what must be the result? A period of strife and trouble. The "falsehood of extremes" will be proved yet again, for measures loved only by a ministry, and not by the nation, will be urged by both sides and adopted by "First Consuls." Tories and Predators, Socialists and Theorists will each have their innings, and decline to be pronounced "out" by the old umpire, the British public, who will be told to leave the wickets, go to the devil, and be content if they get their beer. It is true that they who live through this turmoil may see a real Senate representing the peo-

ple and elected by them by districts or counties, as the United States Senate is constituted. This Senate may be erected at last to counter mischief and cause the people to have a chance of ruling according to their deliberate conviction. The present scheme would trap them into subservency to ministers chosen for the moment and often on other questions than those which may be most important. "Lords and

*The Pall Mall Magazine.*

Liberty and Popular Control" may prove as good a cry as "Down with the Peers," or "Peers v. People." All that is necessary is for it to be made manifest that the Lords desire no ministry to ride the high horse unless it is set thereon by the people; for the people may have only nominated the horse to take part in one special "pageant," and not to run amuck outside the given lines of the course.

### THE FAIR COMPLEXION.

In every country where scientific observations have been made the fair complexion proves to be dying out. Professor Mason, of the Smithsonian Institute, has predicted that in six centuries it will vanish altogether unless the decline be checked. That is a bold computation which cannot be verified, but in very much less time light hair and gray eyes will become rare if the process of extinction continues. Mayr, Virchow, Livi, Lapouge, Ammon, have investigated the matter in Bavaria, Germany, Italy, France, Austria; Beddoes, Shrubbsall and others in this country. Everywhere the conclusion is the same—a dark type supersedes the fair. A few years ago the *British Medical Journal* raised objections to some of the arguments advanced, but at the close it mournfully admitted that "the fair hair so much beloved by poets and artists seems to be encroached upon and even replaced by that of darker hue." It is a melancholy prospect for the æsthetic. Even peoples like the Spanish and Italians, with whom black locks are the rule, conceive celestial beings as fair. Is there a brunette Madonna or Bambino other than those wonder-working pictures which lay no claim to art? But I apprehend that consequences might fol-

low even graver than the loss of beauty.

It cannot be an accident that nearly all those conquering races which were also colonizers have been fair. Perhaps there is only one indisputable exception—the Arab; for of the tribes which furnished a large proportion of the Roman armies in the earliest time, some were blonde, doubtless as the Samnite. So it was with the Spanish conquerors; one may see flaxen hair, blue eyes, and even red cheeks in Costa Rica, Segovia and elsewhere not infrequently to this day. But set against the dark colonizing people which might be found the multitude of Gauls, Teutons, Slavs, Greeks, Scandinavians, English in Europe; Persians, Medes, Indian Aryans, Afghans; of Asia: the preponderance of the fair is overwhelming. Some names in this list may surprise the "general reader"—as the Persian. The people so-called nowadays are not blonde. I can only advise the bewildered to make enquiry.

We may suppose that famine, growth of population, or encroachment of enemies set the invaders moving, rather than their own impulse. But the dark races must have been subjected to the same pressure from time to time. Why did not like causes produce like results with them? Often enough they

started on a career of conquest, when urged by greed for plunder or driven by warlike chiefs; but these were military enterprises, not migrations. Assyria colonized in a way, but to so little purpose that when the empire fell those offshoots silently disappeared. I remember no other instance worth note. But in times before history began, forgotten by legend, fair races had marched over half the earth, and peopled North India, Persia, Media, Armenia—if, as most authorities agree at present, the "Aryan home" was in Europe. And such movements recurred until the establishment of the Pax Romana—to burst out more tremendous than ever, as that obstacle decayed. There are no incidents of the kind in the story of the dark races.

The complexion of the historic Greeks has often been discussed by the learned, who are not unanimous. They themselves thought it beneath the dignity of literature to describe the bodily appearance of people, unless some extraordinary characteristic demanded notice. I need not raise the question here. No one disputes that the Macedonians were blonde. And there is visible evidence to show that in the early time the Greeks were blonde also. Contemporary portraits of the Achæan and Danaan raiders whom Ramses II. vanquished with difficulty leave no room for doubt. Not less convincing to my mind are the descriptions of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. Homer scarcely conceived a hero with dark hair; he grants Odysseus a black beard once, I think, but elsewhere the King of Ithaca always has golden locks, like his friends and the brave among his enemies. Helen, Nausicaa and ladies in general are fair; so are the gods and goddesses save a few characteristic exceptions. But if we put any faith in the legend of Homer it must be supposed that the Ionian nobles who entertained him had the same complexion,

or they would surely have been vexed to hear it assigned to all the best and bravest—even to the gods themselves, as if in itself divine. To please an audience of brown people the leading characters of the story at least must be brown.

But it is the Athenians who interest us especially. At the present time they are short, snub and blonde, being Slavs or Tosk Albanians by race; but a Professor of the University once informed me that a tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed stock survives, represented by very small communities dwelling in the remotest glens, to which invaders have rarely penetrated and tourists never. The Athenians of old believed themselves to be the earth-born, and they certainly escaped when the greater part of Greece was overrun in that mysterious cataclysm known as the Return of the Heracleidae. Herodotus makes the positive statement that they were Pelasgians. Books have been written about this semi-mythic race, and most authorities agree that it is represented at the present day by the Albanians of the North, called Ghegghes; the Tosk clans are degenerate, mixed with Serb, Greek and Italian blood. If the Athenians resembled the modern Ghegghes they were tall, fair-haired and blue-eyed. The Tanagra figurines tell a story. All of good class were painted, and in most something of the color remains. One must search long to find a trace of dark hair. I should say that of the famous examples ninety-nine in a hundred are blonde or downright red, but the latter tint may be due to over baking. Tanagra was Boeotian, but on the very border-line of Attica. We know that the Boeotians were fair, in the capital at least; and townspeople are always darker than the rustic population. The earliest of guide books, assigned to Dicæarchus, gives a sketch of the Theban women. "They are the tallest, handsomest and most graceful



of all Hellas. They muffle their faces so that only the eyes are seen. All dress in white, and wear low purple shoes, displaying the naked feet. Their yellow hair is tied in a knot above the head. Their voices are pleasing, while those of the men are harsh and deep." This pretty picture shows that in the last century B. C., for all that had come and gone, one of the most important races of Greece remained fair.

But it is not only the fighting, migrating peoples who were distinguished by this complexion. It belonged also to the enterprising Italian stocks. Romanin states, quoting from ancient Chronicles, that the Venetians of the early time, who laid the foundations of the empire, were "large, fair-haired and strong—the women famous for their golden tresses." This latter charm, indeed, came to be reckoned a national characteristic, and for centuries every Venetian dame to whom Nature had refused it produced the effect by art. Portraits show that fair hair was common among the leading men of Genoa; it was common also probably among the populace. Years ago I chanced to be at Naples when a squadron of Italian warships put in there, and I was struck with the number of blondes among the officers who crowded the famous Café de l'Europe. They told me that the proportion was large because so many Genoese happened to be aboard.

It appears, therefore, that the peoples of fair complexion have proved themselves energetic and enterprising beyond others, saving the Roman, all over the world in all ages; for Arab activity did not last. I could show that the story of Africa offers no exception. Tall, blonde Berbers have played the same part there as the Gauls and Teutons in Europe, as Lady Lugard has pointed out. It was Berbers who conquered Spain, though we call them Moors. Thus complexion becomes a

fact of significance as an outward token of character. I noted a curious remark lately in Stephens' "Literature of the Kymry" bearing on this point. In dealing with the Mabinogion, the great collection of Welsh legendary stories, Mr. Stephens says: "The marvellous and moving power is seldom, indeed I may say never, personal courage, but invariably magic. Nothing could be more remote from the Kymric conception than knight-errantry. The spirit of adventure has no place in our national character; wherever it appears in our literature we shall not greatly err in assigning to it a foreign character." (P. 399.) Ethnological tables class the Kymry as the darkest people of our island.

Complexion has no virtue in itself of course; as has been said, it is the visible sign of attributes and peculiarities which together make what we term the constitution. It might be that these would account for all, without reference to mental or moral qualities. If rosy skin, yellow hair, pale eyes correlate a bodily structure which enables men and women to resist the evil influences of climate, privation, excess, unaccustomed food and new circumstances generally, whilst a dead white skin, dark hair and eyes correlate a structure which does not carry these advantages, the case would be simple. Men of the latter type would have perished early had they set forth to overrun the world. Instinct even might have warned them against the adventure, or a short experience would suffice. In those primitive ages men stored experience and profited by it.

I, myself, with some knowledge of countries deemed specially unwholesome for Europeans, formerly accepted this explanation. When Darwin was investigating the effect of climate on human beings he asked the opinion of Dr. Daniell, who had lived long on the West Coast of Africa, "the white man's



grave." Dr. Daniell replied that on his arrival, as a boy, an old negro told him that with such a florid complexion he was safe from fever—and so it proved. Mr. Harris, who also had resided many years on the West Coast, told Darwin that if he had to choose men for service on that deadly shore, he would take only the red-haired. I can answer for it that residents, black or white, hold the same view. I lived for some months at Cape Coast Castle with the representative of a great English firm. In a lifetime spent there—for Mr. Selby was a mulatto—he had known but a single red or flaxen-haired Englishman who died, Lieutenant Wells, R. N.; and I recollect the surprise of the natives when this poor fellow was struck down. In the Far East also and in Tropical America one finds people who assert that the blonde suffer less.

I am tempted to quote a passage from "A Modern Legionary" by Mr. J. Patrick Le Poer—premising that I am not acquainted with the author, nor have any means of judging how far his observations can be trusted. The latter part of the book is suspiciously romantic, but details of service in the French Foreign Legion, which occupy three-fourths of it, seem to bear the stamp of truth—if only in their minuteness and their lack of interest for the public at large. After recounting the terrible campaign against the "Black Flags" in Cambodia, Mr. Le Poer discusses the soldier-like qualities of each nationality represented in the Foreign Legion, and there were many. He finds himself unable to set one above another for courage; "but," he proceeds, "there was one class of men far more lively, far less given to grumbling, and altogether possessed of more brilliancy and resilience of temperament than the others. This was the men of fair complexion. All fair-haired, blue-eyed soldiers seemed able to withstand bad

conditions of living more easily and better than their dark-complexioned comrades. I offer no explanation of this fact, which I noted for the first time during the voyage out. Afterwards I had many opportunities, confirming my impression that fair men are superior to dark in endurance and everything else connected with war except the actual fighting; with regard to that, complexion does not count. I noticed in the fever hospitals that black moustaches far out-numbered fair; in the field hospitals there was no such disparity. I merely put on record a thing I noticed; I never mentioned it to my comrades."

This is striking evidence—if we can rely upon it; exactly what was wanted to justify a belief that the blonde races owe their predominance to physical qualifications, the brunette equalling them in courage and virile merits.

Unfortunately, scientific returns do not bear out this conclusion so far. In all civilized countries at the present time students are patiently exploring a field which Dr. Beddoes had all to himself half-a-century ago. But little has been ascertained with certainty as yet about the physical distinctions which are marked by the fair and dark complexions. It is a task for doctors, and few as yet have been enlisted, comparatively. In this island they are at a disadvantage. Elsewhere conscription, which draws together a multitude from every class and nationality in the realm, whose age and circumstances can be learned in every detail, gives a broad and sure foundation on which to build if they care to use it. Here we must depend upon observations made in the hospitals, and the number which a very few individuals can collect, however zealous and industrious, is not yet enough to justify full confidence in the result. Dr. Shrubsall is our leading authority, and for the statements that follow, I am indebted espec-

lally to his monographs upon "Physical Deterioration" in *St. Bartholomew's Hospital Journal*, and "Physical Characters and Morbid Proclivities" in *St. Bartholomew's Hospital Reports*, Vol. XXXIX.

We may almost conclude that pulmonary tuberculosis, better recognized under the name of consumption, attacks the dark especially. Returns from *St. Bartholomew's* give 22 red-haired patients, 44 light-haired and 125 dark-brown haired; the *City Hospital* gives 2, 2, and 13; *Brompton Hospital*, 4, 17, and 43. It is notable that the black-haired yield no more than the red; but the ebon hue thus described is very rare in England. The same tendency has been observed in some foreign countries—not in all; possibly because pulmonary tuberculosis is not clearly distinguished from other complaints of its order in their reports. The picture dear to sentiment of a maiden with locks of gold and eyes of azure perishing from consumption, is not to be regarded as typical—to be representative her tresses should be dark brown with eyes to match. I should state here that Dr. Shrubbsall has carefully excluded Jewish and other immigrants from his tables everywhere. Being mostly dark they would confuse the issue.

A conclusion of greater importance in our point of view is the predilection of acute rheumatism, and its attendant complications, for the fair. This also is admitted, and denied, abroad. In *St. Bartholomew's* there is "a marked excess of fair patients." Sir William Church was struck with the great number of cases at Whitehaven and the Isle of Man, districts inhabited mostly by a Norwegian stock, the fairest and almost the tallest in England. On the other hand, acute rheumatism and valvular disease of the heart, which is attributed to it, are much less common in Devonshire and Cornwall, which be-

long to the dark areas of the island. One might have expected that wandering hosts like the blonde migrants should be specially immune to these complaints, if their advantage lay in constitutional peculiarities. Not less would one expect to find them proof, comparatively, against diseases of the liver. But it would seem that these, exclusive of malignant forms, "show no definite attraction in any one direction; if anything, they tend towards the brunette, and kidney diseases toward the blonde type." A mere inclination will not support a theory either way. Perhaps, however, evidence collected from patients in London hospitals is of little value in these instances. If fresh air be an essential of life for the blonde, as will be shown, the proportion of those attacked by disorders of the liver when deprived of that necessary by living in close streets must be far higher than that of the brunette who are much less dependent on it. The antecedent conditions are not equal.

Upon the other hand, few will be surprised to hear that nervous diseases generally assail the brunette type. An old practitioner of the Shetlands told Dr. Beddoes on his arrival that the few dark people of the island supplied more instances of these complaints than all the many fair, and his own experience confirmed the statement. Dr. Shrubbsall's observations in London agree. Such few statistics as I have seen suggest that lunacy is more common among brunettes, though violent mania attacks the fair especially. Dr. Jones, at the Metropolitan Asylum, Claybury, notes "an unusual frequency of dark hair." Persons of that type suffer most from monomania and melancholic illusions, "especially those of dark leaden skin, fixed and sullen aspect and lank coal-black hair." This is the "true enthusiast's complexion" of Carlyle. Finally, malignant diseases

in general, and cancer in particular, show a definite attraction towards the brunette rather than the blonde type in London hospitals.

A comparative record of other maladies will be found in Drs. Beddoes and Shrubsall's publications. I quote a few statistics from St. Bartholomew's Hospital Reports:—

	Red	Fair	Light	Dark	
			Brown	Brown	Black
Chronic Bronchitis ..	1.7	16.3	44.9	35.9	1.0
Digestive Disorders ..	1.5	13.6	46.3	36.2	2.4
Here light brown suffers most, but—					
Pulmonary Tubercu-					
losis .....	6.9	11.7	33.8	40.0	7.5
Malignant Disease ...	5.8	9.0	27.0	48.4	9.8
Nervous Disease ....	0.6	11.1	36.4	46.3	5.6
Anæmia .....	2.9	15.5	34.6	43.7	2.9

favor the dark brown, which we class as the brunette type.

Commenting on his own observations at Bristol, when he had few associates, if any, in the labor of research, Dr. Beddoes wrote: "These tables do not tend to bear out the widely-diffused and popular idea that light-haired and light-eyed people are, on the whole, more subject to disease." Still less do the later returns. But there are not such differences as would give the explanation we seek. Doubtless, as has been said, patients in a London hospital represent only the shadow of those stalwart forefathers of ours who seemed a race of giants to the Romans; but we must make the best of their evidence until better is forthcoming. I should add, however, that foreign reports do not always agree, nor are unanimous on any single point perhaps. Statistics from the Provost-Marshal General's Bureau at Washington, dealing with recruits in the Civil War, are interpreted by Dr. Baxter to prove that "the brunette type as a whole offers greater resistance to disease." The truth is that an international system of classification has not yet been adopted. "Fair" and "dark" have varying significance in various countries,

and different conclusions can be registered from the facts.

If we might suppose that red hair was much more common than now in ancient times, among the fair, the problem would be simple. Doubtless the reader marked how small is the proportion of that class in the tables quoted. Dr. Shrubsall says: "It would almost appear that such individuals are less liable to intrinsic disease when liable and exposed to infection like others," and again: "Rufous individuals show a marked immunity from the more trivial complaints—or perhaps they do not attend hospitals for treatment. On the other hand, they show no such immunity from the more serious maladies." It is not serious maladies, however, which crowd the field hospitals when an army is on the march—excepting dysentery, of which we have no record—for epidemics are not counted, of course.

As a supposition it does not seem unlikely that red hair should have been more prevalent formerly. The tint assigned to Gauls and Teutons, as a rule, is yellow, but sometimes they are described as red. The Greek "xanthous" might mean either. And the recklessness of the ancients in the use of color names is well understood: "hyacinths are black, crocuses red" and Virgil represents Turnus "vomiting his purple soul," as Isaac Disraeli noted.

But when history begins to report the habits and opinions of the Northern races on their own authority, it appears that red-haired men are disliked and distrusted, which suggests at least that they are a minority. Their courage and dash receive due honor. "I never heard of a red-haired man who was faint-hearted!" cried Olaf Trygvasson, when his steersman proposed a strategic movement to the rear at the battle of Svold. But they were accounted treacherous by nature. When Ashbjorn murdered Canute II. at

Odense, "foulest deed ever wrought in the story of the Northmen," we are told, the indignant chronicler wonders that the King should have trusted a red-haired man.

A German proverb is current to this day: "From a red-haired man and a Swede the Lord deliver us!" A version of the fable about the Fox and the Goose, not later than the tenth century, ends with the moral, "Monet haec fabula rufos evitare;" and Alfred declares outright in one of his proverbs: "A red-haired man is a rogue, quarrelsome, a thief, the King of mischief"—one may fancy that some individual of that complexion had provoked the gentle monarch lately. This is enough to show that we cannot safely assume the proportion of red-haired to have been greater than now. People do not speak ill of a personal characteristic which very many of their fellows display; for one reason because they dare not, especially in the case of men notorious for hot temper, recklessness and vengeful disposition. Geraldus Cambrensis says that William Rufus was not so called because he had red hair—for it was flaxen—but because he was so diabolically wicked.

Apparently, then, it was not physical attributes but greater energy, enterprise, longing for adventure, that caused the fair races to play the leading part in the story of mankind. They have been the disrupting force of humanity from the inroad of the "Cimmerians"—which brought about the fall of Nineveh, and left the great province of "Galatia" to tell to future ages the real name of those mysterious invaders—to the outburst of the Reformation, and on to the settlement of America and Australasia. If this complexion be declining now and vanishing, those who fancy that "the Aryan is played out" may find there a striking confirmation of their views. The fact is assured at any rate, and the cause of it ascer-

tained; the constitution indicated by light hair and eyes is not adapted to the conditions of town life. And towns grow without ceasing at the expense of the country; the last census demonstrated an increase of 15 per cent. in the ten years preceding. Seventy-seven per cent. of us already have deserted the wholesome fields for the poisoned streets. The same fatal process is working all over Europe, even in Russia and the Danubian Principalities, always accompanied by a multiplication of the brunette type and a diminution of the blonde. Perhaps it is on a calculation of the rate at which towns are increasing that Professor Mason prophesies the absolute extinction of the fair in six centuries, as has been noted.

Before any one, perhaps, had concerned himself with these questions, Dr. Beddoes wrote: "In my experience as a physician it has appeared that, on the whole, dark-complexioned children show more tenacity of life than fair ones, under some of the unfavorable conditions of town life." That observation is echoed from all parts of the world now.

Of children, those with flaxen or light brown hair seem to be more subject to disease, and their mortality seems to be higher—we must speak cautiously because statistics are not yet forthcoming in sufficient volume. But Dr. Shrubsall has made observations at St. Bartholomew's, and Dr. Jones at the North Eastern Hospital for Children, dealing with rather more than a thousand little invalids in all; and both series of figures "show a marked predominance not only of blonde traits, but also of the pure blonde type, indicating a greater amount of disease." It is the close air and the foul stench of the slums, perhaps the moral filth also, which the fair complexion cannot endure, for its diminution becomes less and less conspicuous, even in large

towns, as these influences are left behind. The darkest areas of London are West Clerkenwell, Stepney, Whitechapel and St. George's in the East, but here the foreign Jews and Italians congregate. Finsbury and Southwark stand next, and aliens have not yet displaced the native population there. "Where the conditions are more favorable, such as boroughs in which are large model dwellings with plenty of open space around, the blonde seem nearly to hold their own and in the suburban areas do so with success." Thus the lightest districts are Kensington, Mayfair and Belgravia. The conclusion is that the fair type must die out if deprived of fresh air, whilst the dark suffers comparatively little. It is a striking example of natural selection and the survival of the fittest under an unnatural state of things.

Overcrowding appears to signify little where the environment is wholesome. At the meeting of the British Association in 1904, Mr. Arthur Balfour pointed out that when he was young farm laborers in his neighborhood had but one small room generally, where they lived with a wife and many children; but this little corner of the Lowlands produced the largest specimens of the human race. The latter statement was inexact—it does not produce the largest specimens even of Scotland; but Mr. Balfour might have said, with truth, the fairest, or at least, as fair as any. Children may survive and keep their health, however unfavorable the surroundings, if they get a sufficient supply of pure air.

But there is another cause which affects the rural population. Professor Ripley asserts that in the close neighborhood of London the average stature of the people is even lower than in the Metropolis itself, and they are darker mostly. This he attributes to the constant migration of the taller individuals, who seek "to better themselves" in

town. But the tall, as a class, are the fair; moreover, if our argument be sound, they are the more enterprising. And this rule applies to emigrants generally; the fair go, the dark, less inclined for adventure, remain, to propagate their like in the Mother Country. In his "Races of Britain" Dr. Beddoes referred to the decline of the Swiss in stature and in fairness of complexion. The country was occupied by the Allemanni, of purest Teutonic blood, whose gigantic skeletons astonish men of the present day. They conquered a browner, shorter race, upon whom they imposed their language and habits. All the world knows how the Swiss fought in the Middle Ages. But as a consequence of those famous victories, their country became the recruiting ground of Europe, and, says Dr. Beddoes, "It seems probable that the tall blonde element would emigrate," that is, enlist for foreign service, "at a more rapid rate than the brown short-headed people." A great proportion never returned; those who did were comparatively old; the less adventurous dark race stopped at home and multiplied, and now again possess the land. The same process is working here in these peaceful times.

Is there any chance that the fair complexion may make a new start, as it were, reappear triumphant in some unexpected district and spread thence as once it did? For all authorities agree that it represents a change in the pristine coloration of humanity; but how, why and where the change occurred they do not agree. The Italian *savant* Livi imagines it arising at various centres where food was scarce and un nourishing, and the population miserably poor—probably mountainous places, but he does not think the latter condition necessary. Beddoes asks, "Is it conceivable that some defect of phosphoretic salts in the soil may have had such influence?" and he suggests the alluvial marsh lands in the North



Sea. Dr. Lathau remarked that "the blonde area is among the moister parts of the world. When ethnological science shall have become more extensively studied than it is, it will probably be seen that the populations of the area in question are the most afflicted with scrofula." This pleasing theory is broached in "Man and His Migrations"; I am not aware that it has found much support. Dr. Penka's idea is more agreeable. He thinks that the first blondes were palæolithic savages in Southern Scandinavia, bleached by subjection to an Arctic climate for generations innumerable. Finally, Professor Pöschke, most renowned of all who speculate upon the subject, searching

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his map for a spot which presented all the conditions he holds necessary, found the great Rokitno swamp, between the Beresina and the Dnieper rivers. The number of Albinos there at the present day is remarkable, and the rest have flaxen or lint-white hair. They are tall and muscular, but weakly of constitution as of intelligence; Canon Taylor described them as "tow-headed idiots." But here Pöschke set the prototypes and the ancestors of all blonde folk. I have no opinion to offer. But all these suggestions recognize that time to be measured by hundreds of centuries must have been employed in the making of the fair complexion. The process cannot be repeated.

*Fredk. Boyle.*

## THE POWER OF THE KEYS.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### THE FLAG IS HAULED DOWN.

"Well, what now?" demanded Mr. Brooke, when, following Arbuthnot's whispered directions, he had crawled back to the wood.

"Up the hill to the hospital again. You'll live on that road soon, won't you? Here, put on this *choga* of mine. Lucky I've got a complete disguise underneath, for any one would spot your shirt-front a mile away. What are we to do for a *pagri* for you? I see, we must sacrifice the edge of the *choga*, as you are shorter than I am. Then you'll pass muster except at close quarters. We'll lead the pony to the edge of the wood and turn him loose. He'll find his way back to camp."

Arbuthnot was hacking off a strip from the lower edge of the dressing-gown-like garment with his knife as he spoke, and twisting it dexterously into a turban about his cousin's head. Then, loosing the pony, he led the way through the wood, and on the further

side gave the animal a cut with a switch which sent it off in the direction of the camp.

"Now for the stiffest walk you ever had in your life!" he said to Mr. Brooke. "Better not talk till we get to the mountain, and anyhow, don't speak English."

"But where are we going?" asked Mr. Brooke at last, when they had crossed the level ground, hiding in the bushes two or three times to escape the attention of a passer-by, and were on the hill-path once more. "I thought it was too late to warn Ranjitgarh?"

"We can still take the news. I have a private path—my own invention—brings us out beyond the guards on the road—sets us well on the way to Gajni-pur." Both men spoke in short gasps, as the pace at which they were climbing began to tell on them.

"Then you could have got off before I met you? I thought that Roman sternness was not quite genuine."

"I couldn't. I usually get to my path through the vaults under the Begum's house, and at sunset they are all



locked up and the keys handed over to Gokal Das."

"Wonder you haven't had them copied before."

"So do I. As a matter of fact, the Begum is getting them done for me now, but not quite soon enough. I can't afford to give myself away to Gokal Das. He has probably laid up a nice little store for himself in some corner of the cellars, which is what makes him so angry when he sees me poking about there, but I'm glad he should think that's what I'm after. This affair with Scythia is a Hindu plot, undoubtedly, and I should be sorry for myself if Gokal Das guessed at my goings-on."

"Then is Gokal Das to be scragged to-night?"

"Talk about Roman sternness! No, he and all the Begum's household may sleep as peacefully as their consciences will let them. I can get down to my path from the ledge of rock below the hospital as well."

"But you can't get to that without crossing the place where those wretched hillmen are camped, and their dogs will give the alarm."

"I know they would. I shall get Miss Weston to let us lower ourselves from the hospital wall."

"But suppose it's discovered that she helped us to escape?"

"How could it be discovered?"

"Servants might talk, the hillmen might see you—anything. You would deliberately endanger two ladies who have shown you the greatest kindness, and leave them to bear the consequences alone?"

"Oh, put it down to the usual cause, as Miss Weston does, and as my mother always did—the bad blood coming out! I look at it like this: two women—or British India?"

"Both," said Mr. Brooke firmly. "So far as I am concerned, I can only tell you that if we escape to-night by means

of the hospital wall, Miss Weston and Miss Wright must come too, and share our chance of safety."

"Are you mad?" demanded Arbuthnot fiercely, stopping and confronting his cousin. Then he laughed. "Well, do as you like. You won't insist on carrying them off against their will, I suppose? Short of that, you are welcome to make them the offer. I always had said you were a sentimentalist, you know."

"As well call me a philosophic Radical at once."

Arbuthnot gave a sort of chuckle. "Since this had to be, all I can say is that I'm jolly glad Cholmeley-Smith is in it!" he said.

The magic-lantern entertainment had taken place in the large ward, to the delirious joy of the patients, not wholly unmixed with terror in the case of those who had never seen it before, the children had been swept off to bed, the hospital had regained its usual aspect, and the nurses and probationers, in two parties, had enjoyed the unusual dissipation of a late supper and an English iced cake. Now, Janie was making her final round of the wards, and Eleanor was cleaning the lantern and putting the slides in order for their next appearance at Christmas. The sound of Saif-ud-din's voice parleying with some one at the gate reached her just as she dropped the last slide into its box.

"Another village case!" she said to herself in dismay, for the duty of organizing festivities, in addition to her ordinary labors, had made the day very far from a holiday for her.

"It is Baruk Sahib and Ghulam Qadir, Barakat's son, asking to have speech with the Bari Miss Sahiba," said Nani, whose thoughts had evidently flown in the same direction, appearing at the door.

"Oh, what a good thing! but what

can they want?" said Eleanor, going out on the verandah, to see Mr. Brooke, who had discarded his disguise, mounting the steps. Arbuthnot was helping the sleepy Saif-ud-din to bar the gate.

"I don't know how to apologize sufficiently for disturbing you so late," said Mr. Brooke, deliberately as usual. "If I assure you that your professional services are not required, may the attendance of this good woman be dispensed with?"

The staring Nani was dismissed to bed, wondering anew at the eccentric ways of the ruling race, and to Eleanor's astonishment Mr. Brooke turned towards the staircase which led to the roof.

"You have told me of the fine view you enjoy," he said, in a pleasant conversational tone. "Might I ask you to be so kind as to let me see it by night?"

For the moment Eleanor did not doubt that he had gone mad, but the fact that Arbuthnot was close behind gave her confidence, and she followed unhesitatingly. The ladies' house formed one side of the square enclosed by the walls of the compound, and the windows at the back, which were small and high up, looked down a sheer cliff. Hence, from Eleanor's watch-tower at the corner of the roof, she looked up the road on the left hand, and down it on the right. Mr. Brooke looked neither up nor down. "The Scythians are in the Pass, and will be here to-morrow," he said, as soon as they reached the roof. "We want to take the news to Gajnipur, and warn Ranjithgarh. The road is guarded."

"The Scythians! how terrible!" was Eleanor's first ejaculation. Then she pulled herself together. "You think you can get down the cliff from here? But the hillmen will see you, even if they don't stop you."

"Not if you will allow us to lower ourselves from this roof to the ledge below. Have you a rope?"

"Here is the new well-rope, sahib," said Arbuthnot. "This slave knew that the Miss Sahiba had bought one lately, and he fetched it from the storehouse."

The calmness with which he had appropriated her property spoke volumes to Eleanor as to the gravity of the crisis, and she helped him to uncoil the rope, in which he was making knots.

"Shall I call Saif-ud-din to hold the rope?" she asked.

"No, we will keep the secret of the path to ourselves," said Arbuthnot. "We will pass the rope round the chimney-stack, and Baruk Sahib will hold it, while this slave descends alone. Surely, Miss Sahib, you have had the ledge cleared?"

Eleanor peered over the wall, and saw dimly that the brushwood which had hitherto fringed the cliff had vanished.

"The boys from the hillmen's camp must have cut it down for firewood while we were busy to-day," she said with considerable annoyance. "But surely it will make your foothold safer?"

Arbuthnot grunted impatiently, and let himself down over the edge of the roof, slipping from knot to knot. Eleanor stood by Mr. Brooke, who was holding the rope firmly.

"One can hardly believe that the Scythians are really here," she said. "What will it mean? Of course they will be driven back, but it is a dreadful prospect."

"It is," he agreed. Then, with even more than his usual formality, he added, "We hope that you and Miss Wright will do us the honor to allow us to escort you to Gajnipur."

"Now, to-night?" Eleanor could hardly believe her ears, and Mr. Brooke realized that his proposal must sound, to say the least, quixotic. He repeated doggedly, "Now; at once."

"It's really most kind of you to think of it, but we couldn't possibly go," she

said, recovering herself. "We should only hinder you, and we can't leave the hospital."

"If necessary, my cousin could push on alone, while I travelled more slowly with you. Believe me, Bala will be no place for European ladies without male relations to protect them."

"But you couldn't take our girls and children, and they would be utterly forlorn without us. They are nearly all Granthis, as much strangers here as we are. If there is time, we might all go to Sheonath and place ourselves under the Resident's protection. Why, we might catch him before he leaves the camp, and travel with his escort. But there are patients who can't be moved——"

"If the Resident leaves the camp, it will be as a prisoner. The Rajah has turned traitor."

"Then we must simply stay here," said Eleanor bravely, though her heart sank. "After all, the Scythians are not savages. They will respect the Red Cross."

Mr. Brooke was about to speak, but a renewed strain on the rope showed that Arbuthnot was ascending again, and it required all his efforts to keep it taut.

"Burree, what are you doing? Who is here?" cried Janie's voice from the top of the stairs, just as Arbuthnot pulled himself up over the edge of the wall.

"I had a climbing-pole hidden in a crevice down there," he said gruffly, "and it is gone. The hillmen, no doubt. We can't do anything without it."

"Burree, that hill-woman!" cried Janie. "Her temperature is up to 106°. Must you operate to-night, do you think?"

"106°!" said Eleanor, in dismay. "I will come at once. Do take anything that may be of use to you," she added to the two men. "I can't stay now."

She hurried away, and Arbuthnot looked at his cousin and laughed grimly. "I'm afraid you weren't very successful in rescuing our distressed ladies, were you? Neither British India nor their own safety weighs with them against a dirty old hill-woman, you see. Well, we may as well go home quietly."

"But do you mean to say we can't go on?"

"Absolutely impossible. That pole took me days to make, and there are chasms and slopes quite impassable without it. We are cut off from Gajni-pur until I can make another—with hooks and spikes complete."

"Then what can we do?"

"I imagine you had better return to camp and surrender yourself. I will guide you back, as Ghulam Qadir, and return here. The fate of John Arbuthnot, for whom you came to look, remains wrapped in mystery."

"But I should wish—— Why not stay here?"

"What! that you may be searched for, and the ladies get into trouble for concealing fugitives? Or if you are thinking of disguising yourself as a native, I tell you flatly I won't take the responsibility. It would ruin us both."

"I never thought of such a thing," said Mr. Brooke, with dignity, as Arbuthnot unfastened the last knot on the rope and coiled it on his arm. They went down the stairs, and on the verandah intercepted Eleanor, who was rushing back to the house for something she had forgotten.

"Miss Sahib," said Arbuthnot, putting his hands together, "is it the will of the Presence that this humble one should conduct the sahib back to his camp, and return?"

"Oh, go by all means," said Eleanor hurriedly. "There is no need to come back."

Arbuthnot's voice took a wounded tone. "Has the Presence forgotten

that she engaged this slave to help keep the door, on the recommendation of Saif-ud-din? She is his father and his mother, and what reason shall he give to the Begum Sahiba for so early a dismissal?"

"Oh, very well; come back, then," was the impatient answer, and with a hasty farewell to Mr. Brooke, Eleanor hurried on. Ordinarily the keenest of politicians and patriots, she was too deeply engrossed in the life-and-death struggle over the hill-chief's wife to have leisure even to remember the momentous news she had heard. She and Janie fought the disease until four in the morning, and when, worn out but triumphant, she threw herself on her bed for a few hours' sleep, she was conscious only of a dull impression of impending trouble, the nature of which her utter fatigue baffled all her efforts to recall. But however tired the Miss Sahibs might be; the routine of hospital work must go on, and before daylight in came Imam Bibi, the old ayah, with the Doctor Miss Sahiba's *chhoti haziri*, rattling the tray in an important and arousing manner.

"Al, al! there is heavy news, Miss Sahib-ji," she cried, as Eleanor opened her weary eyes. "The new doorkeeper, Barakat's son, tells strange things. Evil people are preparing evil deeds, as in the Year of Blood. The Rajah is false to his salt, and has made all the Sahibs prisoners. Baruk Sahib, the Miss Sahib's guest, was seized last night upon returning to his camp, and of Buttunt Sahib—upon whom be the blessing of God!—no trace can be found. Surely none would have the heart to slay him, and yet his valor is so great that he may have provoked death. But there is worse still to tell. An army of Scythians, in number like the blades of grass in the valley, is advancing down the Pass, sweeping all before it like the locusts. Does the Miss Sahib think that, as the bazar-

people say, the day of the English is over?"

"Certainly not," said Eleanor decisively, as soon as the rush of words ceased. "Ghulam Qadir is a chatterer, and the bazar-people are liars. The day of the English will end when God wills, not before."

Dismissing Imam Bibi, she began to dress, thinking with asperity that Arbuthnot need not live up to his assumed character with such extreme faithfulness. But milder reflection told her that it would be no use to try and keep the coming of the Scythians a secret, and that free discussion might tend to rob it of its terrors. On going into the verandah, however, she found that the news had produced an unexpected effect. Nurses, children, and women were hanging about in groups, some weeping, some talking eagerly, some with an unmistakable air of triumph. Eleanor's spirit rose.

"What is the meaning of this?" she demanded. "Joanna, why are the children not in school? Nurse Vashti, what are the probationers doing, idling here where they have no business to be?"

"The Scythians are coming, Miss—" replied Vashti, with more than a touch of insolence, but as Eleanor's eyes met hers, her unwilling lips formed the addition—"Miss Sahib."

Eleanor had lost her temper. "If Satan was coming, do you think I would let you neglect your work? Go, waste no more time," with a stamp of her foot. The habit of obedience prevailed, and the nurses fled, Vashti pursued by the words, "I will speak to you later, nurse." Eleanor heard them met by Janie at the door leading into the hospital, and turned her attention to the children, who were all in tears, owing to their firm persuasion that the Scythians were devils who lived on babies. After sending them off to their lessons with the promise

that if she had time she would come and show them pictures of the strange country where the Scythians lived, she went down among the women, who were wailing in concert, with their *chadars* drawn tightly over their heads. Some of them had been rescued from famine, others had faced great persecution and been cast out by their families for embracing Christianity, and Eleanor's heart was wrung for them now that they saw, as it seemed, their sole earthly stay endangered. There was no attempt at mutiny here, the poor creatures were only too eager to grasp at any shred of comfort she could offer, and they found their greatest consolation in an argument she was almost ashamed to use: "If the Scythians come, who will be in the greatest danger—you or we?" One by one she prevailed upon them to dry their tears, and when the bell rang for prayers they followed her to the verandah almost cheerfully.

After prayers Janie came from the hospital with an anxious face. "Burree," she said, "the relations of those two women from the village have come, and want to take them away, and Lakhshmi certainly ought not to be moved. They say that the Sheonath hospital was burnt down last night by a mob. I don't know if it's true. Of course Dr. Weaver was with the Resident."

They looked at one another with eyes full of horror. "I'll come and speak to the women's husbands," said Eleanor. "It will certainly kill Lakhshmi if she is moved to-day—Why!"

Something had whizzed past her and buried itself in the wall—a bullet. Several more followed, some knocking off pieces of plaster, others rebounding innocuously. With an involuntary and absolutely unreasoning impulse, Eleanor and Janie made a simultaneous dash for the stairs to see where the

firing came from. Before they reached the roof, Arbuthnot was with them.

"What are you going to do?" gasped Eleanor.

"Haul down that flag. They think the place is a fort," he answered, and Eleanor saw that the Union Jack, forgotten the night before, was blowing out in the morning breeze.

"I won't have it hauled down. Let it alone!" she panted.

"Nonsense! Do you want the place knocked about your ears. Give me something white, Miss Wright—a towel or an apron or anything."

"No, no!" cried Eleanor in an agony, rummaging in the flag-locker. "The hospital flag if you like, but I will not have the white flag hoisted."

Arbuthnot snatched the Geneva Cross from her hand, and hoisted it only just in time, for a shot went through the Union Jack as he held it. They watched breathlessly while the Red Cross blew out in the wind, and Arbuthnot gave a sigh of relief when no more bullets came.

"A close shave!" he said. "Better hide that Union Jack, Miss Weston."

"I shall bury it, as they did at Pretoria," said Eleanor, folding the flag up small and tying it round, "and put *Resurgam* on its tombstone."

"All right. Glad you can see it like that. By the bye, I'm afraid you are going to have trouble with Saif-ud-din. A large party of his relations was weeping over him just before the firing began, and it won't have made them any happier."

"Then we will make you doorkeeper, Ghulam Qadir," said Eleanor. Arbuthnot laughed shamefacedly.

"This slave has forgotten his place, and no mistake!" he said. "Will the Miss Sahibs be pleased to descend?"

In the courtyard was Saif-ud-din, looking considerably ashamed of himself. He asked for a day's leave, swearing volubly to be back by sunset,

and asserting that his brother was very ill. The face of his brother peering round the gate rather spoiled the effect of the plea, but when this was pointed out to him Saif-ud-din merely wept and cast his turban at Eleanor's feet. He was a poor weakly old man, he said, and it was far better for the

Miss Sahibs to have a strong and valiant youth to keep their gate. If Ghulam Qadir had not been available, he would have shed the last drop of his blood in their defence, but what good could he do now? The question was unanswerable, and he departed with his rejoicing relatives.

Sydney C. Grier.

(To be continued.)

## CONCERNING TOURGUÉNIEFF.

### I.

Sometimes opening a book is like opening a door and coming into the presence of a friend.

Friends are of different sorts. There are those whom we remember all our lives, who have loved us and been good to us; who have delighted us by their kindly fun and affection; they are *bon comme le pain*, as French people say, and bread is the staff of life. Then there are also the friends of imagination, who have given us help, fun, response, sympathy if not affection, and in whom the inward grace is not lacking for us. Then again there are those whom we have beheld with our eyes, who have drawn us to them by their personality, whom we have learnt to admire rightly, to know by degrees and in secret by a process unexplained; who have become types to us of what we most regard and hope to find in life.

A book lately published by M. Emile Haumont seems to have brought me once more into the presence of one of these friends, impersonal but very real, and recalled a great man whom I saw but three times in all.

My first remembrance of Ivan Tourguénieff is of a tall figure standing in the summer twilight in that familiar green drawing-room in Onslow Square where so many things happened which were beyond me, and where so many things were said which I did not fol-

low. In those days I was more used to look at my father's guests than to speak to them or to understand who they were.

When I met Tourguénieff again, it was long years after. I had read the translations of his wonderful books and could realize him far more than on that first vague occasion. One of our associates, a delicate little lady, with a love for wise and interesting people, used to tell us about him and about the Viardots, for whom she had a great enthusiasm; and when that time of trouble came to France which brought over so many distinguished refugees to London, these among them in particular were honored guests in Mrs. Huth's drawing-rooms in Prince's Gate. The setting was suitable for such travellers; besides their welcoming hosts, the best of company, past and present, was there to receive them. Sir Thomas More's noble grim head, by Holbein, was over the chimney-piece; a lovely Gainsborough lady smiled from the wall, so did the original portrait of Madame de Sévigné, wearing the celebrated pearl necklace, with Madame de Grignan beside her—that charming pair—in all their grace to be admired.

An inner room, again, was lined with Mr. Huth's wondrous collection of Elizabethan literature—his Shakespeares and first editions—all in court dress, gilt-backed and dignified, and



safe enclosed behind crystal doors. On this particular evening, which I remember so well, Madame Viardot was at the piano in a black dress, accompanying herself as she sang with that fire and grace which seemed so specially to belong to her. It was some German ballad, and it seemed to be so little, so much, so immense, all in one. She sang—there was a sudden storm, there were children running down a village street in the music, we were all children as we listened—the passing storm was in the room. As the song finished, a thrill of admiration came in a rippling murmur from the listeners. It was one of those moments which count in life. Pauline Viardot's singing stirred up unknown perceptions and feelings in us all, her beautiful eyes were alight, she almost whispered the last words. Just then my glance fell upon Tourguénieff leaning against the door-post at the far end of the room, and as I looked I was struck, being short-sighted, by a certain resemblance to my father, which I tried to realize to myself. He was very tall, his hair was gray and abundant, his attitude was quiet and reposeful; I looked again and again while I pictured to myself the likeness. When Tourguénieff came up after the music, he spoke to us with great kindness, spoke of our father, and of having dined at our house, and he promised kindly and willingly to come and call next day upon my sister and me in Onslow Gardens. I can remember that next day still; dull and dark, with a yellow mist in the air. All the afternoon I sat hoping and expecting that Tourguénieff might come, but I waited in vain. Two days later, we met him again at Mrs. Huth's, where we were all once more assembled. Mr. Tourguénieff came straight up to me at once. "I was so sorry that I could not come and see you," he said, "so very sorry, but I was prevented. Look at my thumbs!" and he held up

both his hands with his palms outwards. I looked at his thumbs, but I could not understand. "See how small they are," he went on; "people with such little thumbs can never do what they intend to do, they always let themselves be prevented"; and he laughed so kindly that I felt as if his visit had been paid all the time and quite understood the validity of the excuse. He once did come into my house, but not till many years had passed. I am proud to think that he once sat down at my writing-table, though he wrote but three words there. This was in Young Street, by Kensington Square, on the occasion of his last visit to London. I had written to him at the suggestion of my sister-in-law, Mrs. Warre Cornish, to ask him if he would join a Windsor water-party, at which I think Tennyson was expected. No answer came to my letter, but one day when I returned home, my little country-maid said mysteriously that a "gentleman had called, a very tall gentleman with gray hair; he had asked for me, and then when he heard I was out, he said he should like to go in and write something, and he sat down at your table, ma'am, and wrote." Again the familiar description stirred me. On my table his card was lying, with a few words in his writing to say he was leaving England next day.

## II.

He had been at Windsor shortly before, when he went from London to call on Mrs. Oliphant. "He saw only one person," writes Mrs. Warre Cornish, "and sat with her in a peaceful *tête-à-tête* in one of the sunny bow windows of the house which bears her name to this day." Mrs. Oliphant herself de-

<sup>1</sup> Oliphant House, in its green crescent, with the tall trees and rocks, is reached by an old-world, straggling, narrow street, which runs down from the castle to the winding river. Its very name, Peaseod street, is suggestive of any number of old taverns. It is said to have been known to Shakespeare, and certainly existed in the days when Mrs. Ford daily attended prayers in the parish church.

scribed the visit. 'She had never seen so contemplative a being, so big and so gentle at once.' She spoke of the great presence, of the leonine head set nobly on wide shoulders. 'Oh, a very great and gentle being, my dear, full of silent contemplation, immense and gentle,' she said. I seemed to see them sitting together. Mrs. Oliphant herself, with all her wonderful activity and performance, was a gentle, contemplative being, very shrewd and amusing with her intimate friends, but inclined to be shy with a stranger, and anyhow, readily quiet with any one who loved repose. I could picture the maternal Scotchwoman, with her dogs, as usual, curled up at her feet, and all the homelike setting of her sweet, self-limited existence, and opposite to her the great novelist, the sportsman from wide Russian horizons, and with those wider ones still of his own dreams."

There is yet another interesting account of Tourguénieff, when he received an honorary degree at Oxford. "He was entertained on the eve of the ceremony at Pembroke College; the well-known Master of the College being at that time Vice-Chancellor of the University, and it is from his hostess on that occasion, who did so much to make Oxford agreeable to the visitors of those days, that I have received a vivid picture of Tourguénieff. The presence of the tall Russian amongst the University guests, his whole personality, made a great and sudden impression even on those to whom he was but a name. He spoke readily and with great cordiality; his English was exceedingly good, and the amenity of the foreign guest was felt by all."

"The company that was assembled at the Vice-Chancellor's, the names of those who were to receive their degrees on the following day, and all the circumstances of that Commemoration have passed away from Mrs. Evans' recollection. Only Tourguénieff re-

mains, his look of power, and especially his wonderful eyes, which flashed as he spoke; these stay and cannot fade from the memory of any one who conversed with him."

He had friends in England he always turned to with affection. The Cross family at Weybridge and George Eliot were among these. He used to stay with Mr. Hall at Six-Mile Bottom, near Cambridge, and he liked the shooting there. He was an admirable shot. Mr. Cross speaks of the long days they used to spend out in the woods together. During one of these, Mr. Cross, who was then a very young man, asked Tourguénieff if he had ever written anything in French. Tourguénieff answered, "You have never written a book or you would not have asked that question; a man can only write his best in his own language. When I write in Russian I am free, I run without encumbrance; when I write in French I have restraint, I have boots on and advance more slowly; when I write in English I have *tight* boots on." But all the same he wrote and spoke English admirably. He was once asked to write down his favorite pursuit. After a pause he wrote down, "Remorseless Laziness."

### III.

Any one reading the life of Ivan Tourguénieff, by Emile Haumont, must be painfully impressed by the story of his early bringing up.

In *Moumou*, so we are told, we may find the picture of his violent and despotic mother—elsewhere he describes her, from his childish recollections, silent and gloomy; his father elegant, haughty, icy. Strange to say, the children loved their parents, but they hardly saw them except, indeed, when presiding at executions and punishments which were inflicted on every occasion.

One day Ivan was presented to the poet, Dmitrief. "I like your fables

pretty well," says the child, "but I like Krylof's better."

"He was right," says the biographer who tells the story, "but not the less was he whipped for saying so." Another day he let an old lady see that he thought her very old and broken, and again was he whipped; another time one of his parents' parasites (the house was full of them) accused him falsely—he knew nothing of it—he was whipped; in vain he disclaimed, every day he was to be whipped until he confessed; at night, in despair, he slipped out of his room determined to run away, and was discovered by his tutor, who took his part and obtained forgiveness for him. Later on, when *Tourguénieff* remembered his parents, it was their severity which first came to his mind, and no wonder! "Sermonized, beaten, deprived of dinner day after day; he could remember walking in the garden and swallowing with a sort of desperate pleasure the salt tears as they flowed from his eyes." The account of *Varvara Petrovna*, as given, is something terrifying. "Round about her fell punishments, exiles, deportations, humiliations, of every sort—forced marriages, sudden separations and blows which did not even spare her man of business, *Poleakof*."

*Ivan* suffered and learnt early to sympathize with others and to hate cruelty and injustice—was he not always kindness incarnate?

I have a picture of *Tourguénieff* taken towards the end of his life, sitting calm and grave, resting his hand on a stick. It was given me by the eminent Russian violinist, *Mr. Brodsky*, after a conversation during which he told me he had known *Tourguénieff*, and described how, as a young man just beginning his artist life in London, he had, to his great pleasure, received a card of invitation from *Madame Viardot* to a musical party. He arrived to the moment, before the family had

come down, and he asked the servant at the door whether *Mr. Tourguénieff* was to be seen. He was told that he was ill in his room up-stairs. Sending up his name, *Mr. Brodsky* learned that he would be received. *Tourguénieff* was in bed, in great pain, but, according to his wont, he welcomed his young protégé and signed him to sit down. Then he became interested by degrees in the account *Mr. Brodsky* gave of his work and his experiences. He threw himself into the story and began to speak of his own early days, so that he forgot his gout, which seemed suddenly to leave him. The time went on and on as the young man sat listening to that charming talk; he could hear the music down below, never heeding anything but the fascinating intercourse with the master. As I myself after long years listened to the musician's description of that eventful meeting, I realized as I have done again and again the happy impression received by those who have come in contact with that large soul.

Perhaps no one has spoken or written of *Tourguénieff* with more charm and authority than *Henry James*, whose intercourse with him was a reality, not a passing impression.

An old friend who did not herself care for conventions, told me that she went one day with her daughter to call upon *Madame Viardot*, to take leave of her just before she returned to Paris after that enforced residence in England in the winter of 1871. It was in the Wimpole Street region, and as they were reaching the door they saw a figure advancing, half hidden by countless white frills rising one above the other. It was no ghost, it was *Tourguénieff* carrying a clothes-basket full of freshly-ironed dresses, straight from some foreign laundry. The house was in confusion, he explained, the frocks were absolutely needed by the ladies, and as no one else could go he himself

had been to fetch them home;—so much for a born gentleman's simplicity and natural dignity.

Henry James says of him: "He was natural to an extraordinary degree; I do not think I have ever seen his match in this respect, certainly not among people who bear, as he did at the same time, the stamp of the highest cultivation. . . . He had not in his mind a grain of prejudice. He was imaginative, speculative, anything but literal. . . . Our Anglo-Saxon, Protestant, moralistic, conventional standards were far away from him, and he judged things with a freedom and spontaneity in which I found a perpetual refreshment. His sense of beauty, his love of truth and right, were the foundations of his nature." . . .

#### IV.

How many voices have spoken of him with a full heart? "The great *Muscorite* has been to see us!" wrote George Sand once from Nohant. "What a lovable and noble man! and how modest! He is adored here, and I set the example in adoring him."

Ivan Tourguénieff's own generous tribute to George Sand when she was attacked will not be forgotten: "It is eight years since I saw her for the first time," he wrote at the time of her death; "the enthusiastic admiration which she excited in me formerly was gone. I no longer adored her, but it was not possible to enter into her private life without becoming her adorer in another sense—a better one, perhaps; each one felt at once that he was in the presence of an infinitely rich and benevolent nature where all egotism had long been reduced to cinders by the inextinguishable flame of poetic enthusiasm and faith in the ideal, and besides all this there was a certain unconscious aureole, something high, free and heroic; believe me, George Sand is one of our saints."

Not very long ago some letters were

published in the *Revue Hebdomadaire* written by him to Madame Viardot, beginning in 1848, some three years after their first acquaintance. Tourguénieff, after travelling hither and thither about the world, had taken to literature as a profession, and his mother indignantly cast him off and ceased to send him money. Then it was that the Viardots lent him their country house (Courtavenel, in the Brie country), where he lived alone—melancholy, hard at work, contented, penniless. On one occasion he writes that he had bought some leverets with his last franc. He describes the trees, the stars, the thoughts which come to him. He writes in French. The ideas and the words respond to each other.<sup>2</sup>

Here is a minute to be lived alongside with Tourguénieff.

"Before going to bed every evening I take a soft walk in the courtyard. Yesterday I stood upon the bridge and listened. These are the different sounds which I heard.

"The sound of the rush of the blood in my ears and in my breath.

"The shivering, the continual whispering of the leaves, the quizz of the grasshoppers—there were four of them in the trees of the courtyard.

"The fish rose to the surface of the water, making a soft noise which was like a kiss.

"From time to time a drop fell with a little silvery sound.

"A branch snapped. Who had broken it? That dull sound; is it the fall of steps upon the road? Is it a distant voice?

"And then, suddenly, the shrill soprano of a gnat comes and rings in your ear."

<sup>2</sup> The translation is difficult, and makes one realize how much more difficult translation from the Russian must be. Russian scholars tell one that it is just possible to render Tolstol into another language; the subtle charm and beauty of Tourguénieff's style cannot be conveyed.

Here is another picture, that of the poplar trees at Courtavenel in the summer-time. It is like reading a Corot.

"All these days the weather has been very fine. But there has been a great wind which from time to time has blown very hard and persistently.

"The stir which it made in the leaves suited the poplar trees very well. They sparkled bravely in the sunshine. I must tell you one thing I have observed, that is, that a motionless poplar looks very dull and very stupid (*écolier et très bête*), unless, indeed, it should be in the evening, when the leaves look almost black against the rose-depths of the sky. In that case everything must keep hushed; only the leaves at the very summit have permission to stir a little.

"By the way, I have been amusing myself by discovering trees in the neighborhood which have their own physiognomy and individuality . . . there is the horse-chestnut in the courtyard which I have christened *Hermann*: I am looking for his *Dorothea*; there is a birch at Masonfleur which is very like a *Gretchen*; an oak has been baptized Homer; there is an elm which is an *amiable ne'er do weel*, and another *prim virtue*."

At another time he writes from Paris to Madame Viardot, who was travelling about in Germany during these months, winning great victories on the stage wherever she went: "All this week I have scarcely left the house; I have worked tremendously. Never did ideas come to me so abundantly; they came by dozens. I reminded myself of a poor devil of an innkeeper in a little town who suddenly finds himself overwhelmed by an avalanche of guests. He ends by losing his head, and no longer knows where to place his company."

One more picture comes from Paris; it is impossible to translate the charming melodious French.

"September 20th.

"It has been splendid weather for the last two or three days. I take long walks in the Tuilleries before my dinner; I watch a crowd of children there at play; all charming as little loves and all so prettily dressed; their grave, infantile caresses, their little pink cheeks freshened by the first touch of winter, the placid, kindly look of the nurses, the beautiful red sun beyond the great horse-chestnuts, the statues, the sleeping waters; the grand, sombre-gray color of the Tuilleries—all this pleases me infinitely, rests and refreshes me after a morning's work. I muse—not vaguely, German fashion—at what I am doing, at what I have got to do."

Soon after, whilst still leading this solitary life, his mother's serious illness called him back to Russia.

To Monsieur Viardot he wrote before he started in June, 1850:—

"Is not the true home there where one has found the most affection, and where the heart and the spirit feel most at ease?—there is no place upon earth that I love as well as Courtavenel. You have in me, dear Viardot, a true and unchanging friend. Be happy—*soyez heureux*—I wish you all that there is of good in this world. We shall meet again one day, a happy day for me, which will amply repay me for all the sadnesses which await me."

There are curious stories told of the autocratic old lady's end; as she lay on her death-bed, she tried to despoil her children; she had given orders for forced sales, for houses and farms to be burned to the ground. Her mind must have been wandering; happily she died before further harm was wrought. Tourguénieff divided the inheritance with his brother, leaving him the larger share of the property; he kept Sparskoë for himself, the familiar house to which he returned year after year until his death, accompanied by companions and friends. One of the letters to Madame



Viardot, dated September 1850, is written in happy and good spirits; it is full of emotion:—

"Good-morning, dear, good, noble, excellent friend. Good-morning, you who are that which is best in the world. Give me your dear hands that I may kiss them. That will do me good and will put me into good humor. There! That is done. Now we are going to talk. I have to tell you that you are an angel of goodness and that your letters have made me the happiest of men. If you knew what it is to have a friend's hand which seeks you from so far to place itself gently upon you! The gratitude which one feels reaches

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to adoration. I am greatly in need of affection at this moment, so lonely am I here, therefore I cannot tell you how much I love those I love and who have some affection for me."

Madame Viardot wrote the epilogue to this long friendship when Tourguéneff died on September 3, 1883: "He no longer suffered; for two days he had lost consciousness, his life was slowly passing away. We were all round about him . . . he became again as beautiful as he had ever been. The second day after his death his habitual look of benevolence was there; one could expect to see him smile."

*Anne Thackeray Ritchie.*

## MEMORIES OF LONDON IN THE FORTIES. II.

BY DAVID MASSON.

When I went to live in London, in 1844, I found that it was the custom to take only one's breakfast in one's lodgings, and to dine elsewhere. The habit, though new to me, had its advantages. The first London dining-place I was in was a small and quiet one in an up-stairs room in Coventry Street. Having been there almost daily during my fortnight's visit to London in 1843, on account of some preference for it on the part of my mentors of that visit, I returned to it for awhile in 1844. Very soon, however, the neighboring and much more frequented Hancock's, in Rupert Street, drew me off; and there, in the up-stairs room, I continued for awhile to dine so regularly, every day, between five and six o'clock, that I can still see the figure of the dark-faced waiter, hear him giving his orders down the lift by which the dishes came up, and remember his rapid summing-up of my expenses as I prepared to go. They were moderate enough; but though the cheapness of the dinner would be surprising by a modern

standard, very respectable people, I can assure you, used to dine at Hancock's. It was some amusement to a stranger in London to look round the room, generally full as it was, and observe the faces. Occasionally there was a face known to me, as when Duncan, the Edinburgh artist, whom I had last met at Dr. Chalmers's about the time when he was painting the doctor's portrait, appeared close beside me, and we renewed our acquaintance. Once I was greatly interested in a group of four or five, two of them remarkably tall and stalwart men, who were dining together very merrily, with much interchange of joke and laughter, in a corner box opposite to that in which I sat. Their speech betrayed them at once to be from the Land of Cakes; but they seemed to be so much at home that I could not doubt they were residents in the great Babylon; and they were altogether so radiant and happy that, when they proceeded to crown their dinner by having a huge basket of strawberries placed before them, and



seemed disposed to prolong their dessert indefinitely, still with jest and fun, *more Scotico*, I could hardly resist the inclination to go over, introduce myself as a compatriot dying for companionship and ask them to let me join their party. "And why didn't you do it?" asked one of them, years afterwards, when I told him the story,—for I came to know every one of that group whom I left so merry over their strawberries in the box at Hancock's. The two stalwart men were my good friends Andrew Maclure and Robert Marshall, men not to be forgotten if once seen; and a third of the party was Orr, the publisher.

Hancock's, in Rupert Street, and more rarely Bertolini's, just off Leicester Square, received my magnificent patronage through 1844. In the later period, from 1847 onwards, or through that part of it in which the bachelor habit of dining out had still to be kept up, I may have returned to Hancock's now and then; but other places had most of me. Let me see. There was the American Stores in Oxford Street, then a very excellent house; there was the Scotch Stores, also in Oxford Street, farther west; there was another Scotch Stores in Beak Street, off Regent Street; and there was Dolby's in Princes Street or Wardour Street, an old-fashioned house, where I used to see a select number of steady veterans always punctually eating, and reading their newspapers, at the same hour. Latterly I promoted myself to Simpson's in the Strand, or the other Simpson's at the Albion, at the foot of Drury Lane. By this time, having often a friend with me, or meeting friends whose dinner-hour in one or other of these places coincided with mine, I was less dependent on the amusement of observing strange faces. Now and then, however, there was an incident worth noting, if you were alone and idle. Once, at Simpson's in Drury Lane, there came

in a tall, venerable, well-dressed gentleman with a grand white head,—one of the noblest-looking intellectually I had ever seen. Having seated himself in a box near me, and inquired what was to be had, he ordered cod-fish to begin with. When it was brought, his words were—

"But I say, waiter, where's the liver?"

The waiter was sorry that it had all gone already.

"D—n it, man, in ma' opinion the liver is more essential to the cod than the oyster-sauce is," said my white-headed Plato, with the most perfect calmness, the oath notwithstanding, and accepting the liverless cod resignedly after all. Here was evidently another countryman of mine; but who he was I never found out. He may have been M'Culloch, the Political Economist, for all I know. He must have been a somebody, at all events; and I have treasured his aphorism as the most incontrovertible I have ever heard a wise man utter.

When one chanced to be in the City, and wanted an early afternoon dinner there, or that still earlier stupefaction called "lunch," there were several queer little stuffy places of great celebrity—with sanded or sawdusted floors, crowded at certain hours by the business men and clerks—which it was the correct thing for a west-ender to visit. "For a chop or steak and a mealy potato there is no place like Joe's, in Finch Lane, Cornhill; but the beer is bad," was Peter Cunningham's verdict on one such City house in the first edition of his "Handbook of London,"—repeated in his second edition of 1850; and I used to wonder whether the blame outweighed the praise in the eyes of the proprietor, and whether he could have an action, if he chose, against the frank Peter or his publisher. My own experience of Joe's was that Peter was nearly right. In the

same veracious and truly excellent handbook you were told, "If you can excuse an indifferently clean tablecloth, you may dine well and cheaply at the Cheshire Cheese, in Wine Office Court, in Fleet Street"! but though the Cheshire Cheese was, and perhaps is, among the most famous of the Fleet Street places, I was in it but twice. There were several other such places, each with its peculiarity, at the Temple Bar junction of Fleet Street with the Strand, where men from the neighboring newspaper-offices used to drop in for lunch or dinner; and it was no uncommon thing to see some hard-working son of the press glancing over proofs as he ate his chops. The Rainbow was one such place; but the place of places to my taste in this neighborhood was the Cock. It is extinct now, I believe; but what Londoner is there of the days gone by that does not remember the old house, close to the Temple Bar, dating itself and its name from the time of Charles II., with the old symbol of the Cock over the door, the long wooden passage slightly ascending from the street to the interior room, and that homely old room itself, with its substantial old furniture, its crannies and angles, and its suggestion of unknown crypts and cellars underneath, whence they fetched the stout and other liquors? The place, doubtless, had been illustrious in dining-house legends long before Tennyson's time, and it must have been its legendary fame that recommended it to Tennyson; but places, as well as men, have to wait their lucky hour; and it was Tennyson, as all the world knows, that brought the Cock into literary glory, and made it immortal. Temple Bar itself is no more, and the Cock that was beside it has crowded his last; but "Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue made at the Cock" will keep the dingy old house and its vanished comforts and capabilities in memory for ever:—

O plump head-waiter at the Cock,  
To which I most resort,  
How goes the time? 'Tis five o'clock.  
Go fetch a pint of port:  
But let it not be such as that  
You set before chance-comers,  
But such whose father-grape grew fat  
On Lusitanian summers.

The port is brought; and Will Waterproof, as he sips it, falls into his reverie. He sees all his past life, back to his college days and his first love; he sees the world of the present, and hears the mingled roar of it, as if in conflux round Temple Bar outside; he dreams his dream of poetic ambition, and compares the past of literature with the present; he looks forward through a mist to the future. But he returns to the Cock, to the port before him, as long as it lasts, and to the plump head-waiter:—

But thou wilt never move from hence,  
The sphere thy fate allots;  
Thy latter days increased with pence  
Go down among the pots;  
Thou battenest by the greasy gleam  
In haunts of hungry sinners,  
Old boxes, larded by the steam  
Of thirty thousand dinners.

This veritable head-waiter, or at least a personage who passed for him, was still in the Cock, short and plump as ever, but gray-haired and serious, when I first knew it, and for a good while after. He must have heard the first stanza of Tennyson's quoted in his presence dozens of times, if not actually addressed to him, by his more forward and witty customers. The rumor was that he rather resented the honor conferred upon him, and had been heard to say testily that gentlemen might take what liberties they liked provided they paid their scores. The phrase "Lusitanian summers" in connection with the port was said to be somewhat of a stumbling-block to his intelligence.

After dinner you might go, if you liked, for a cup of coffee and a cigar, to the Cigar Divan, just above Simpson's in the Strand. Entering by the cigar shop below, where, in exchange for a shilling, you selected your cigar and received the bone check which entitled you also to your cup of coffee, you ascended to the spacious upper hall where you could lounge among the newspaper tables or on one of the luxurious side sofas, reading as you whiffed, or, if you were interested in chess, watching some game going on between two practised players. For the Cigar Divan was the scene of all the great chess-playing in London; it was here that some of the greatest chess battles in history were fought, and that some of the most famous chess-players in the world were to be seen—if not engaged in one of those great matches, at least toying away their time and keeping their brains in trim by minor practice, in the sight of bewildered admirers. Mr. Buckle, long before he burst on the world as a philosopher, was, as we have learnt from his biography, one of these marvels of the chess-playing faculty to be seen habitually in the Cigar Divan; and, as he must have been there some time or other when I could have come across him, I should certainly have remarked him if anybody had pointed him out, and had been able to tell with what else than chess-playing his prematurely bald head was pregnant. As it is, I remember no frequenter of the Divan more notable than a German newspaper correspondent, who seemed to spend a great deal of his time there, glancing at newspaper after newspaper, and very busy with pen or pencil over his oblong pieces of flimsy, as the hour approached when he had to despatch his gatherings by post.

On the Sundays of the year 1844 I used to go with my good and kind friend, Dr. Alexander Patrick Stewart,

to the Scotch Church in Regent Square. A medical man of between thirty and forty years of age, not in much practice as yet (though afterwards well known as one of the physicians of Middlesex Hospital), Dr. Stewart was handsomely quartered in Mount Street, Grosvenor Square. The son of the Rev. Andrew Stewart, a Scottish clergyman who had married in 1809 the youngest daughter of the tenth Lord Blantyre ("poor Margaret Blantyre has married a Presbyterian minister," is the jotting I found recently in the gossiping memories of some contemporary lady of rank), my friend had inherited a double strain of characteristics. With a certain easy joviality of temperament, and the manners and tastes of a well-bred man of the world, he combined a strong fidelity to the Scottish religious traditions in which he had been brought up, and which were best represented now, as he had concluded, in the newly founded Free Church of Scotland. Taking pity on my solitude in lodgings when I was still strange to London, he would always have me dine with him in his chambers in Mount Street on Sundays; and he had pleasure, I believe, in seeing me with him in his pew in church beforehand, where I might have the benefit of such continued doctrine and society of the right sort as had been provided in that place for all Scots and sons of Scots who would remain faithful to their native Zion in the midst of the great Babylon. The preacher himself, the Rev. James Hamilton, was no stranger to me, being the brother of one of my most intimate college friends; and his pulpit discourses, full of gentle piety, and revealing also his cultivated understanding and literary tastes, were about the best representatives of Scottish preaching and the Scottish accent that had been transferred to London. In private he was a man of the most genial and affectionate ways, with a tolerant ease of disposi-

tion, and fine humor. About his church in Regent Square there still lingered legends of his great predecessor, Edward Irving, for whom, in his days of London celebrity, the church had been built. Indeed, several of the most notable men of Irving's congregation, who had stood by him more or less sympathetically in his breakdown, and had tided the affairs of the Regent Square Church through the perplexity and commotion caused by the Unknown Tongues and the Irving heresies, were still among the chiefs of Hamilton's congregation, as elders or deacons. One of these was James Nisbet, the religious bookseller and publisher, of Berners Street. He was an iron-gray and rather hard-looking veteran, originally from the Scottish border, who had been forty years in the London wilderness without swerving from Calvinism or Presbytery, had made the best of both worlds on that principle, and was rather boastful of his contempt for those of his countrymen who had not done the same. Once, when a friend and I were calling upon him in his shop in Berners Street, and my friend said something or other relative to literature, to which he expected assent from a man who dealt in books, Nisbet doubled him up very amusingly. "You literary folks think a great deal of yourselves," said Nisbet; "but I could buy the whole pack of you for an old song." Though greatly amused, I was a little nettled, and thought my friend took the insult to his craft too quietly; and it was with some difficulty that, stripling though I was, I repressed the retort that rose to my lips, as I looked round on the rows of religious books, most of them trash, by which Nisbet had made his money. But he was a very worthy man, and had made the most of one world by trading solely and exclusively on the most orthodox expectation of another.

More than any church to me, through

the year 1844, and again from 1847 onwards during all my residence in London, was the reading-room of the British Museum. My memory goes back, of course, to the old reading-room, the access to which was by a kind of a lane or mews from Montague Street, Russell Square. How many times I descended that lane and ascended the stairs, to the great double-room where the readers were busy at their tables over books and manuscripts! I can fancy myself among them yet; I can see the face of the little man—a Highlander, I think he was, and with a short temper—who sat at the wicket at the end of the right half of the hall, taking the tickets, and giving out the books when they were brought to him by the attendants inside; I can see the attendants in the hall itself, all defunct long ago, who carried the books from the wicket to the readers at the several tables. Above all, I can remember what a promiscuous assemblage the readers themselves were. Every now and then some celebrity would be conspicuous among them—John Forster often enough, and Carlyle more rarely, when the necessity of consulting some book not to be had elsewhere overcame his nervous sensitiveness to the disturbing sights and sounds of the place; but the majority were steady laborers at the same tables day after day, a few of them ladies engaged in seeking out provender for their sustenance in one knew not what a variety of undertakings. Most of these were sufficiently well-to-do in appearance; but there were some mirth-provoking and some heart-breaking objects amongst them. Carlyle's chief horror, "the man with the bassoon nose," can have been seldom absent; for as common a cause of sensation throughout the hall as the thud of a great folio on the floor, accidentally let fall by somebody, was the nasal thunder from some uncivilized *habitué* of one of the tables, using

his handkerchief as regardlessly of all about him as if he had been in Juan Fernandez. The *habitué* that fascinated myself most painfully, however, was a squalid, pale-faced young man, whose peculiarity was that he had iron heels to his shabby boots, at least one of which was always loose; so that, as he walked down the central passage to the wicket, the clank-clank he made was like an appeal to look up and behold Literature in its extreme of wretchedness. In those days Sir Henry Ellis was the principal librarian, or head of the Museum; and I remember him as a polite little gentleman of the old school, to be seen occasionally in the reading-room. But the gigantic and despotic Italian, Panizzi, was the chief of the department of Printed Books, with those magnificent schemes already in his head for the library and reading-room which startled the Trustees at the time, but which were carried out to the full when he rose to the principal librarianship, in succession to Sir Henry. That was not till 1856; and it was in 1857 that the present circular reading-room, which Panizzi had planned, and where his bust now most appropriately looks down on the bookish throng, superseded the old reading-room of my first acquaintance, accessible so dingly by the mews from Montague Street. It was a revolution worthy of those well-known lines of the laureate-expectant—

Had you seen this fine hall before it  
was made,  
All ye London sons of the book-making  
trade,  
I am sure every time that your ticket  
admits ye,  
You would lift up your hands and bless  
old Panizzi.

My own allegiance to Panizzi's noble rotunda, with its lightsome glass roof and its luxurious accommodation for readers, is not less than that I owe to its poorer predecessor. The readers in

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the splendid rotunda are, I think, greatly more numerous than those that were to be seen in the old double-oblong; they appear altogether of better worldly condition in the average, and the proportion of ladies among them, I am sure, is much greater. There are humors and odd sights, however, even in the new rotunda. Once, there seated himself next to me an old fellow whose movements I could not but watch. Having sent in his tickets, he sat for a while quite idle, waiting for his books. They came at last, a very considerable pile; and then he began operations. First, he put his hat between his knees, adjusting it carefully so as to receive something; then, putting his right hand into his coat-pocket behind, he fetched thence a red handkerchief and two eggs. Under the mask of the wall of books in front of him, he proceeded to chip one of the eggs. That it was raw was more obvious than pleasant; but, by tilting his head back, and an act of suction more visible than audible, he contrived to swallow the contents, dropping the shell furtively, when he had done so, into his open hat. He immediately performed the same process with the other egg; after which, as no third egg seemed to be forthcoming, I thought the entertainment over, and drew my eyes off him to attend to my own work. When I looked again, about ten minutes later, he was fast asleep, his head nodding over the hat, into which he had dropped the red pocket-handkerchief to conceal the two egg-shells,—and not a volume of the wall of books before him so much as opened! Very possibly he was a philosopher; but it must have been of some deep and peculiar school—investigating things *ad ovo*.

Nothing marks the lapse of time more, in such a city as London, than the succession of theatrical reputations and celebrities. The actors and actresses that delight the town for a time,



some even for a generation, are swept off the boards, and others ever succeed. Who are they that London runs after now? I know but vaguely;<sup>1</sup> not a tenth of them even by name. My recollection, however, is pretty vivid of those who were the stars of the stage when I first knew London, and used now and then to go to the Haymarket, the Princess's, the Adelphi, or the Olympic. Never, I am sorry to confess, have I seen a tragic actor, or at least an actor of Shakespearian tragedy, who realized to me the ideal I had formed of what tragic genius might be from the traditions of Garrick, Mrs. Siddons, and Edmund Kean.<sup>2</sup> Macready, whom I saw in "Hamlet," "Macbeth," and "King Lear," by no means answered my expectations, only his Lear coming at all near them, while his Hamlet was little less than a horror to me; and it was not in a Shakespearian play, but in "Richelieu," that I saw him in what I could suppose to be his best. After seeing his Hamlet, I remember proposing—and I shall stick to it—that the actor, in the soliloquy "To be or not to be," should be compelled to do it smoking a cigar. Charles Kean, of whom I had some recollection,—having seen him in that part of my childhood when he was beginning his theatrical career and was on a starring expedition into the far north,—was no longer the wonderful being he had seemed then to my childish eyes. In such a melodrama as "The Corsican Brothers" he was very effective; but nothing could be more exasperating now than to sit through his performance of a part like Richard, and hear his wooden intonation in this fashion—

Dow is the widter of our discodtedt  
Bade glorious subber by the sud of  
York.

It is probably on account of my un-

<sup>1</sup> Written in 1881.—F. M.

<sup>2</sup> This, written in 1881, does not apply to the present-day stage. It was, for instance, be-

fortunate experience of the poverty of the London tragic stage in those days that—though I have never ceased to remember the beautiful acting of Helen Faucit in her Shakespearian and other tragic parts, and have thrice seen Fechter, Salvini, Irving, and others in London, and received also from Rachel, in "Les Horaces," an idea of the terrifically tragic in the French style—I find myself excessively reluctant to go to see a Shakespearian tragedy, or indeed a tragedy of any kind. Very different is my experience of English comic acting. The genius of comic acting must be much more common than that of tragic. At all events, I can count up, even within the range of my own very moderate amount of theatre-going, not a few comedians that seemed absolutely perfect in their business; and to this day I am always surest of genuine recreation such as the theatre can afford, if, avoiding a Shakespearian night, and keeping my Shakespeare sacred in his own book, I take my chance of any of those pieces, wholly comic, or with a dash of the comic, that may be running their period,—hardly ranking as literature in any sense, but concocted by clever fellows who catch the humors of the hour; and some jumble of situations comes to you for the first time, along with the actors as they step on the stage, and you look for their names in the playbill. A classic old comedy revived is, of course, a finer treat, if there is adequate acting; and I can remember old Farren in Sir Anthony Absolute at the Haymarket. But it was mainly in such passing pieces as I have described that I first paid my tribute of laughter to Wright, Keeley, and Buckstone. Wright, though a little vulgarized by Adelphi requirement, had, I think, the deepest and richest natural vein of the three; and I shall never for-

fore Mr. Forbes Robertson (his godson) rose to such eminence on the British tragic stage, in the character of "Hamlet."—F. M.



get him as a village school-master lecturing his form of boys, or as the innocent young man fallen into bad company, in "Green Bushes," compelled to be a burglar against his will, and reduced at last to selling dogs' collars. Keeley, whom I came to know a little in private, the most neatly dressed of stout little gentlemen, generally with a bouquet in his hand or his button-hole, was inimitable in going off the stage in a collapse of speechless rage, indicated by feebler and feebler gesticulation, or in a paroxysm of assumed courage, but mortal terror, when marched in front of two cocked pistols, and not daring to look round, but managing his diminutive legs as jauntily as he could, and trying to whistle. Buckstone, the best Tony Lumpkin I have ever seen, was so matchless in all characters of that order, when I first set eyes on him, that it was with pain I saw him in his old age, still lingering on the stage, from sad necessity, after he was a superfluous veteran, and moving about with much difficulty of joint and voice in one of his old parts. Something the same I may say of Charles Mathews, whom I saw in his prime in those parts of rapid patter and cool and *blasé* rakehood which he chiefly affected! and I was distressed beyond measure in seeing him in one of these parts when he was a walking skeleton, shortly before his death. A later favorite on the London boards, and later in my recollection, was poor Robson. Who would not drop a tear to the memory of that extraordinary little man? In some respects he beat them all. He was delirium incarnate; and, as you saw the grotesque, small-bodied creature on the stage, trembling, writhing, and sometimes leaping, in his part, you felt that the nervous thrill he shot through you as you beheld him had begun in his own frame. But for his physical diminutiveness, and perhaps an inherent impishness or semi-lunacy,

as of one of Shakespeare's clowns, in the very nature of his genius, one might have thought him born for a tragic actor; and certainly from no professed tragedian then on the stage did there come such flashes of tragic madness as from little Robson in his Greek garb, shrieking and biting his arm, in the English burlesque of "Medea." In a moment he was the buffoon again, lolling his tongue out; and you were convulsed with his ludicrous oddity.

Was it in 1847 that I first saw Jenny Lind? It was as she ran in upon the stage at Her Majesty's Opera House in the "Figlia del Reggimento,"—a wild, fair-haired fawn of genius, all gold and goodness, from her native snow-clad hills, looking round with scared eyes, stepping rhythmically, and beating her little drum. No operatic sensation in my memory equals that. What a ravishment about Jenny Lind there was that season throughout London,—crammed houses every night to hear her and adore her in public; and the old Duke of Wellington hanging about her at private concerts like an enamored grandfather, and forgetting Waterloo as he put her shawl round her after her songs! I have never been able to forgive Dr. Stanley, the amiable Bishop of Norwich, for abstracting the Swedish Nightingale from the stage, by possessing her with notions on that subject less liberal than might have been expected from him, and so depriving thousands of the pleasure she might have given them for years after her regretted retirement. Why should an oratorio or a morning concert be safer or more lawful than an opera?

Two boys of strict Free Church parentage and up-bringing in a Scottish town were comparing iniquities. One boasted that he had furtively been at a circus-show. "Ah, but I have done worse than that," said the other, "for I've been ance in the pit at the theatre and twice in the Established Kirk."

There were a number of forms and places of amusement in and about London, apart from the regular theatres, of which it was considered essential, under the pretext of studying "London life," that every young resident, especially if he had any connection with the profession of letters, should have some experience.

Greenwich Fair, now abolished, was once a great half-yearly institution on the skirts of London, preserving, I suppose, the main features of such older things as Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair; and I can remember my astonishment at the sight of such an unrestrained revel of open-air enjoyment and devil-may-care abandonment of both sexes to the fun and humor of the moment as broke upon me once in 1844, when I threaded my way, with the friend who piloted me, among the crowds gathered in Greenwich Park and on One Tree Hill. There was universal use, by lads and girls, of a mischievous little wooden instrument, with a rasp or toothed wheel, for rubbing down your back as they passed you, and making you believe that your coat was torn; lads and girls, and even staid men and women, were running down One Tree Hill, or rolling down it, in giggling avalanches; and, on the level, the favorite game was kiss-in-the-ring. In this game, each ring consisted of a voluntary association of young men and women, most of whom had never seen each other before; in each, a selected young woman took her station

in the centre in turn; and it was for the happy swain, on whom her thrown handkerchief alighted, to run in from the circumference and salute her,—always politely raising his hat at the critical instant. Then, all along the heath, there were the refreshment-booths and dancing-booths, where the fun was even more furious. There Bacchus and Venus coquetted no less openly than in Burns's Poosle Nansie's, though a thousand times more elegantly dressed, and a thousand times better-tempered. And the two or three lady visitors that had come out of curiosity,—London lady-novellists, I fancied them to be, or could they be lady-philanthropists?—passed rapidly through, leaning on the arms of their masculine escorts, and with black dominoes over their eyes. Altogether, though there was nothing outrageously indecorous, and a great deal that was the mere frolic of pleasant holiday humor and roused animal spirits, I obtained an idea of that "Merry England" of the Olden Time against which the Puritans had set their faces, and could understand their reasons.

One could gather the same lesson, though more mildly, without going so far as Greenwich. Vauxhall Gardens, for example, was then a place of entertainment where, after gorgeous displays of fireworks, tight-rope dancing in a blaze of light, and other varieties of gymnastic or semi-dramatic performance, the business resolved itself into mere promenading and dancing.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> Among my father's dictated memories is one about Vauxhall which may be incorporated here: "... On one occasion there I saw a form of amusement which I have never seen since. Two men, who looked as if they might be on one of the London papers, were going about together, and fixing on some other man, and making believe he was drunk. They fixed, I remember, on a particularly sober, stalwart, comfortable-looking man,—a youngish man, too,—and began by saying to each other, 'What a pity he is in such a condition!' and so on; and they worked him up at last to a state of exasperation I never saw

equalled. There was a good deal of the ludicrous in the trick, but it was cruel too; and I remember it particularly, because, as I was standing watching it, one of the two men turned as if he would have tried the same thing on me; and then, with one sharp look at me, he said, 'You work with your head!'—and turned off." My father used to say that, in after years, he fancied he recognized this man in a brilliant and successful literary man of his day, a fellow-member with himself of "Our Club," and I think also of the Garrick and Athenæum.—F. M.

Attended by men only were those celebrated supper-rooms which were at the same time singing-halls. Famous in this class—and conducted in every way with the most scrupulous respectability consistently with the assemblage of some scores of men at long tables, with viands and liquors before them, and most of them with cigars in their mouths—was Evans's, *alias* Paddy Green's, in Covent Garden. Not more than twice, I think, and both times after 1847, was I in this famous evening hostelry; but I have the honor of remembering, as doubtless others can, the immortal Paddy himself, going about among his guests with his smiling and witty Irish face, and his ever-ready snuff-box; and also Paddy's factotum and right-hand man, the big Herr von Joel. This last was a wonder; for, after acting as waiter, and handing round the cigars,—for one of which he never gave you any change, whatever the coin you gave him,—he would mount a table and whistle the most complex musical air with a common walking-stick for his flute, or imitate with his unaided organs all the noises of a farmyard, successively and in chorus, from the clucking of hens to the lowing of cows, the grunting of pigs, and the braying of a donkey. Paddy Green and his Herr von Joel are now among the ghosts of Covent Garden.

It was a decided descent, but a descent regarded as obligatory now and then on those who would know something of the night side of London, to substitute for the classic Evans's, when you thought of a visit to a supping-place, the Cider Cellars in Malden Lane. They were a surviving specimen of several popular places of the kind in that neighborhood that had been in vogue from the days when Edmund Kean, as I have been informed on good authority, used to adjourn to one or other of them for potations, after

his theatrical labors of the night, and could sometimes be induced, by clamorous calls, to favor the company with a speech or recitation, held up on his feet by supporters while he did so. In the invaluable Peter Cunningham's account of Malden Lane, the Cider Cellars come in for special notice. He describes them as "a favorite haunt of Professor Porson, still frequented by young men, and much in vogue for devilled kidneys, oysters, and Welsh rare-bits, cigars, glasses of brandy, and great supplies of London stout"; and he adds, "singing is cultivated; the comic vein prevails." There can be no doubt, however, that this was the place which Thackeray had chiefly in his eye in his description of "the Cave of Harmony" in the first chapter of the "New-comers"; and to that chapter any one may be referred who desires to know what was the nature of the entertainment at the Cider Cellars, and especially what kinds of singing were in favor. Besides those improvisations from little Nadab, and those old English songs of patriotism and sentiment which so delighted the good and simple Colonel, just home from India, when he and his son made their memorable visit to the Cave, there was apt to be too much of that ribald vein which was judiciously suppressed on the occasion of the Colonel's presence, till it broke out, to the Colonel's horror and disgust, in the volunteered ditty of the tipsy reprobate Captain Costigan. What would the Colonel have thought of that particular song of the place which for a whole season, as I can vouch, was the talk of the town, and drew hundreds nightly to hear it, Thackeray himself, and the *élite* of the London club world and literary world included? It was certainly not a song *virginibus puerisque*, any more than Captain Costigan's was, though on a different account; but, as I want to be veracious, and as I do not know but there may

be some use in the record of a horrifying scrap of fact of this kind, I will dare to put in print my recollection of the great Ross of the Cider Cellars, in his character of "Sam Hall."

The evening is pretty far advanced, and the supping groups at the crowded tables, gray heads and literary celebrities among them, have composed themselves, in a lull following previous songs, for the appearance of the great Ross. He makes his appearance at last, in a kind of raised box or pulpit in one corner of the room,—a strange, gruesome figure, in ragged clothes, with a battered old hat on his head, his face stained and grimed to represent a chimney-sweep's, and a piece of short black pipe in his mouth. Removing his pipe, and looking round with a dull, brutal scowl or glare, he begins, as if half in soliloquy, half in address to an imaginary audience, his slow chant of the condemned felon, whose last night in prison has come, and who is to be hanged next morning:—

My name it is Sam Hall,  
Chimney-Sweep,  
Chimney-sweep;  
My name it is Sam Hall,  
Chimney-sweep.  
My name it is Sam Hall;  
I've robbed both great and small;  
And now I pays for all:  
*Damn your eyes!*

Some three or four stanzas follow, in which the poor, semi-bestial, illiterate, and religionless wretch, in the same slow chant, as if to a psalm-tune, anticipates the incidents of the coming morning,—the arrival of the sheriffs, the arrival of the hangman, the drive to Tyburn; each stanza, however

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heart-breaking, ending with the one ghastly apostrophe which is the sole figure of speech that life-long custom has provided for his soul's relief. Thus:—

And the parson he will come,  
He will come,  
He will come;  
And the parson he will come,  
He will come.  
And the parson he will come.  
And he'll look so blasted glum;  
And he'll talk of Kingdom Come:  
*Damn his eyes!*

The last stanza of all will be addition enough:—

And now I goes upstairs,  
To the drop,  
To the drop;  
And now I goes upstairs  
To the drop;  
And now I goes upstairs,  
There's a hend to all my cares:  
So you'll tip me with your prayers:  
*Damn your eyes!*

A black bit of London recollection this, certainly; but, strong as it is, it has seemed worth preserving. Whether the song of Sam Hall is in print anywhere, or who wrote it, I know not; but I daresay I could recover the whole from my memory, such was the impression it made that evening I heard the great Ross sing it. He was, I afterwards learnt, an Aberdeen man, who had begun his career of tavern-singer in more lowly haunts, and had at length, by strange chance, flashed out in this one part for a season before the gathered night-herds of London. What became of him, poor fellow, I never heard.

## SERGEANT MAZET AT BORODINO.

"And so you are going out to this Crimea, eh?"

"Why yes, sergeant," said one of the young cavalymen. "We set out next week to join our English friends."

"Did you ever serve against the Russians under your great Napoleon?"

The old *invalide* leaned forward in his chair, and his dull black eyes lit up angrily. "Did I ever serve against the Russians?" he repeated in a harsh voice. "Well, messieurs, when a man has fought at Austerlitz, at Eylau, and at Friedland, finishing up with a little promenade to Moscow and back, living in the snow for fifty-two days, and eating half-raw horseflesh, he may be said to have fought against the Russians, eh?"

The hussar hastened to apologize. "Of course, of course, *mon vieux!*" he said. "I did not know. Come now, let me refill your glass, and then you will perhaps tell us some of your experiences in the Moscow campaign?"

The veteran hastily swallowed the wine and then lighted his pipe. He puffed away slowly and steadily for a few minutes, while his lined yellow face seemed to grow graver and sterner. Then he looked round the café table at his three young companions.

"My experiences?" he said. "*Mon Dieu*, yes, I had some experiences in that campaign. You may pray to the good God, *mes enfants*, never to have the like. It is over forty years ago, but I remember that retreat from Moscow as if it were yesterday. You cannot imagine what it was like, especially those last days from Smolensk to Wilna. I believe at that time if I had seen my brother dying by the roadside I should not have stopped to aid him; if I had seen my dearest friend eating a loaf of bread I should have torn it from him. Oh yes, I had my experi-

ences! But I cannot tell you about that retreat; it was too horrible. I trust this Crimea you are going to is not near Moscow? It is not, you say? So much the better for you. Still, if you wish for something a little more cheerful I can tell you a story of the battle of Borodino, or the Moskowa, as we used to call it.

"In those days, you must understand, I was a sergeant in the Fortieth Chasseurs, and at the time of the Russian campaign there is no doubt that we were the finest regiment of light cavalry in the Grand Army. You cannot conceive what we were like, for since Mont St. Jean our army has altogether changed. But if we were the best regiment in the army, we had the worst colonel. I do not mean he was a poor soldier; indeed, he was a good officer and knew his work. I mean he was one of those men who set the teeth on edge; you felt on first seeing him that there must be something wrong with him, something crafty and evil. Lépine, that was his name—Colonel Auguste Lépine. He was very tall and thin, of a dark complexion, with a long wiry moustache and small bright-black eyes. He was appointed to us after Wagram, where our old colonel had been killed, and I remember well my first sight of him. We were drawn up for inspection, and he came riding past my squadron. As soon as I saw his face I said to myself, 'Mazet, my friend, you are going to have a bad time'; and I was right! He treated us veterans of Austerlitz and Jena as if we had been a squadron of recruits from the *dépôt*. We could do nothing right; on parade, at drill, mounted or afoot, we always had his vile, rasping voice sneering and snarling at us. Ah, well! he has been dead forty-two years now, and yet I must admit I hate him



still, and I still see that narrow, evil face of his in my dreams.

"At the beginning of the march to Moscow the one man in all the regiment to whom he was most unjust and severe was Captain Bourayne, commanding my squadron. Thunder of God! when I think of what he had to suffer, of the cunning insults he endured in the name of discipline, I feel my blood boil. My captain was the very opposite to the colonel, as different as light from dark. He was young, gay, and light-hearted, but a good officer, keeping splendid order, and looking after us as if we had been his children. We all loved him—ay, there was not one of us in the squadron who would not have died for him. You may not understand how it was with us, for you do not have such officers nowadays; they all seemed to die out with their Emperor.

"I must tell you that there were a few of us in the squadron who knew the reason of the colonel's harshness, and I myself knew it better than any one. It was a woman, a lady of Poland. I suppose you have never been to Poland, eh? Well, it is a very bad country to make a campaign in, but the women are the finest in Europe. We had been quartered in Warsaw some time before the Russian campaign, and it was there my captain fell in love. I believe the lady loved him in return, though I never really knew for certain. It is to be hoped she did; for, my faith! she often made him look miserable. I used sometimes to take his messages to her house, and then she would give me a glass of wine whilst she sat down and replied to them. I remember that it was very good wine."

"What was she like, sergeant?" asked one of the hussars eagerly.

"What was she like? Why, name of a pipe! I cannot call her to mind exactly, it is so long ago. But she was tall and dark, and there was a sort of

glow and sparkle about her face which somehow made you keep looking at her. Yes, I suppose she would be what is called a beauty. However that may be, she attracted my captain; and, as I was going to tell you, she attracted Colonel Lépine also. Our good colonel was one of those men who imagine they are invincible with the ladies, and he was always pestering her with his attentions and riding up to her house. Perhaps he met my captain there. I do not know. At all events, before we left Warsaw he had asked the lady to marry him, and she had refused. *Diable!* I should have liked to have been present at their interview and seen him rebuffed. It makes my heart warm to her through all these years. But, moreover, the colonel also heard that Captain Bourayne was the lover she favored. That was enough for him, as you may imagine. And so, as I tell you, he led my captain the life of a dog. I saw it; the whole squadron saw it; but I never dreamed to what lengths he would go. If I had known what was in his mind I would have sent my sabre through him as he rode at the head of his regiment.

"In the early summer of 1812 we crossed the Niemen, the Emperor and some four hundred thousand of us, and began our promenade to Moscow. I dare say you know something about that campaign? I am not the first old dotard who has bored you with his tales, eh? Well, I served nineteen years in the Grand Army, and saw many strange sights, but never anything stranger than the sight of those thousands and thousands of men spread out over those immense desolate plains. It was not the march of an army; it was more like the passage of a nation. And yet it was more wonderful than that, for half the races of Europe were present—Frenchmen, Italians, Poles, Spaniards, Germans; there was no end to them. And then the miles and miles



of supply-trains and ammunition-trains, the horses and the guns, and the Emperor in the middle of it, directing the whole. I do not think you will see a sight like that, *mes infants*, in this Crimea you are going to next week.

"As we came on, so the Russians gave way before us. You may imagine how annoyed we were with them. As we advanced farther and farther into their miserable country some of our officers began to look a little grave as they thought of the distance we were from France. Every now and then the Russians would make some sort of stand before going back again. At Smolensk, for instance, there was quite a proper battle, and we lost a number of men before we drove them out. But still they retreated, and we followed them until we came to a village called Borodino, about sixty miles from Moscow. Here they had at last made up their minds to face us, and had flung up redoubts on a range of little hills. There were only about a hundred and thirty thousand of us up at the front now, for we had left a lot behind to guard our rear. Then, too, there were the killed and wounded, and the stragglers—far too many stragglers. But still we thought we were quite enough for the Russians, and the men of my squadron put their busbies on their sabre-points and cheered when they saw that great army in front of them. As for me, I had learnt at Eylau and elsewhere that it was no game for children to fight against these people, but I was quite willing to try it again.

"Now, ever since the crossing of the Niemen, Colonel Lépine had been treating us in his usual manner, like—thousand thunders!—like insubordinate conscripts. All the time, too, he had been especially severe towards Captain Bou-rayne. But as I look back upon it all, it seems to me that he must also have been patiently waiting for a chance to play his evil game. It had not come to

him at Smolensk or Vitepsk, but it came now. He would not fight a duel, for he had a great regard for his own skin, and my captain was a fine swordsman and a good shot. No; he found a better and a more cunning method of revenge in this coming battle.

"The music began early on the 7th of September—almost at dawn. I have seen some little affairs in my time, but I think this was the most terrible of them all. My faith! it was even hotter than Eylau; and if you had served in the Grand Army you would know what that meant. By the time we had got into position there must have been nearly eight hundred cannon at work, all roaring together, the noise enough to split the drum of your ear. Both armies were drawn up in very close formation, and the men were swept away by hundreds.

"The Fortieth belonged to General Latour-Maubourg's brigade, and we did not suffer much at first. But our time was coming. About ten o'clock the regiments were drawn up behind Prince Eugene's infantry, in the intervals between the battalions, you understand. On each side of us were batteries of artillery, and behind us more batteries in reserve. My regiment was on the extreme left, and a little rise of the ground cut us off from the rest of the brigade, so that we could not see them nor could they see us. You must remember that if you wish to understand what I have to tell you. We waited there in silence. Every now and then a cannon-ball would hum overhead, sometimes there would be a shriek, and sometimes a horse would rear up and then fall. I remember looking sideways at the colonel and thinking it would be no very bad thing for us if the Russians managed to put an end to him.

"Suddenly there came the thudding of hoofs, and General Latour-Mau-

bourg, followed by his staff, appeared over the rise and galloped towards us. Colonel Lépine spurred his horse and trotted to meet them. The General spoke earnestly to him for a minute. I could not hear what he said, but knew it must be an order. Then the colonel seemed to reply, then saluted, and the General shook his reins and disappeared over the ridge again. We sat there, craning eagerly forward in our saddles, waiting for our orders. Ah, name of God, when I think of what followed!

"The colonel twisted his horse round and came towards my captain. I was close at hand and heard all he said; saw, too, the evil sparkle in his black eyes.

" 'Captain Bourayne,' he cried in a high voice, 'you will take your squadron and charge those two battalions you see there right in front of you, between our infantry. I shall support the main attack on the right with the rest of the regiment. Do you understand?'

"The captain started, looked at him steadily, and then saluted.

" 'Do you understand, I ask?' repeated the colonel imperiously, but his eyes fell under the other's gaze.

" 'Yes, sir,' replied the captain in a steely voice, 'I understand—everything.'

"At that the colonel turned his horse's head again, and shouting out commands, led the rest of the regiment over the rise. He did not look back. So my squadron was left alone.

"I do not mind admitting to you, messieurs, that my heart beat very fast for a few moments, and I dare say I turned pale. You understand I had served sixteen years, and knew something of war. The task we had been set would have been a fine feat of arms for a whole regiment; for a single squadron one would say it was impossible. There was a wide open space to charge over after we had passed our

last skirmishers, then a little slope to mount, and then we had to face two strong, unbroken battalions. I was still thinking about it, when the captain beckoned me up to him. His face was flushed, and there was a wild, reckless look about him.

" 'Did you hear him, sergeant?' he asked in a kind of hissing whisper. 'Do you understand what it means?'

" 'Yes, my captain,' I answered gravely. 'I think it means murder. And I ask the captain's pardon, but I do not think the General gave that order.'

"He looked at me with a vague eye as if he had not heard what I said, then flung up his head proudly. 'Yes, I know,' he exclaimed. 'I know what it means, but I am going to obey my orders. Name of God! I will show this scoundrel if I am afraid of him. Return to your station, sergeant.'

"As I reined back a few paces I saw him snatch his sword from the scabbard and wave it in the air. 'Now, my children,' he cried, turning round to us, 'follow your captain. *Vive l'Empereur!*'

" '*Vive l'Empereur!*' came the great, hoarse roar in reply, and we began our charge. As we passed swiftly between the lines of our infantry the men cheered us wildly, their shakos on their bayonet-points. Then we came out into the open, and the Russian fire caught us like a hailstorm. I kept my eyes fixed upon the captain, who rode ahead of us all, confident, erect in his saddle, never once looking back. My faith! it was a deadly business. We went over by dozens; on all sides men dropped from their saddles; horses stumbled and fell; the air was full of cries and the clang of bullets on accoutrements. Still we struggled forward. We had come to the rising ground, when I saw my captain suddenly throw up both hands, then he swayed in his saddle to and fro as the

horse galloped, until he pitched over to one side and fell with a thud to the ground. He was dead, shot through the brain. I heard a great groan rise up from the men behind me as they saw their officer fall. For my part it filled me with such a rage as I had never before experienced—rage against the Russians who had killed him, against the colonel who had planned his death, against the whole world. 'On, comrades, on!' I shouted. 'Vengeance for our captain!' I suppose my voice inspired them, for they howled back like angry wolves, and we rushed up the slope all shouting together. And then, all in a moment, we had broken their ranks and were amongst them. I remember my fury still held me. I saw everything in a kind of red mist, and I stood up in my stirrups and slashed at every heavy, stupid-looking face I could see. I do not know how long I was like this; but suddenly I seemed to come to myself again, and remembered that I now commanded the squadron. There was a great noise going on, men shouting and screaming, the reports of muskets being fired at close-quarters, and the sharp whistle of sword-blades in the air. But it was plain that we could not stop where we were. On every side the Russians pressed up against us by hundreds, thrusting with their bayonets and firing wildly. Every moment we were losing more men.

"I stood up in my stirrups again and waved my sabre towards the French army. 'Back,' I shouted—'back to our comrades!' They heard me—all that was left of them—and began to rally round me. As soon as we had got together I raised my sword again, we burst through our enemies, and galloped swiftly down the slope, bending low in our saddles. They opened a weak fire on us as we drew clear; but we had shaken them badly, and besides some of our infantry advanced to cover us, so we only lost a few men. At last

we arrived behind our batteries again, and I could give the order to halt.

"Then I saw clearly how we had suffered. A hundred and thirty-two men had started on that charge, and twenty-seven had come back, hardly one of them unhurt. Besides our single officer, Captain Bourayne, we had lost three sergeants and seven corporals. Yes, our good colonel had succeeded to admiration.

"If you ask me about the rest of the battle I am afraid I can tell you nothing. We stayed where we were until it was all over. You will admit we had done our fair share, eh? When Caulaincourt's cavalry had finally taken the Great Redoubt and the affair was decided, I led my little band back to the rest of the regiment. They also had suffered, but their loss was as nothing compared to ours. I was in hopes—oh! yes, *messieurs*, I had hopes—that the colonel was dead; but, on the contrary, he was alive and unhurt. I made my report, telling him of the captain's death. He looked at me, and I think he must have seen something in my face which told him that I knew what he had done. If he had shown any sign of joy I believe I should have fallen upon him as he stood there. But he only said, 'Very good, sergeant. You have done well.' I saluted in silence and went away.

"All that night I sat by our bivouac-fire thinking, and wondering how I could obtain justice for my captain's death. At times when I thought of him I wept. Yes, I wept—I, Mazet the veteran, the hard one, who had served for sixteen years, and had at that time five wounds and nine great battles to his credit. I thought about him all night, while a warm summer breeze blew over the great plains, and I could hear the cries of the many wounded whom we had not been able to help. But I am not a clever man, *mes enfants*—if I were I might be a General now—

and when morning came I had thought of no plan.

"Very early, whilst I was eating my ration with the rest of my comrades, there came into our midst one of the Emperor's staff-officers. Looking about him, he asked if we were the squadron which had made the charge upon two Russian battalions. I replied that we were, and he then asked for our officer.

"He was killed, monsieur, early in the charge," I replied sadly.

"Who was it, then, who commanded afterwards and brought you back so well?"

"I did, monsieur," I answered.

"He stared at me for a moment, then clapped me on the shoulder. 'Bravo, sergeant!' he cried. 'It was a fine piece of work. And now, my friend, you must come with me, for the Emperor saw the whole affair from his position at Shevardino, and he directed me to bring the commander of the squadron before him. He will want to ask you some questions, I fancy, and you will be rewarded.'

"As he said this I could not help giving a cry of joy. It was not because of the promised reward, but because I saw my way to obtain vengeance for my captain. I would tell the Emperor all—our Emperor, so strict and so just, who saw everything and knew everything. He should hear how my captain had been killed.

"I walked by the officer's side to headquarters. We passed by the sentries, and my companion entered. In a few moments he reappeared and beckoned me to come in.

"The Emperor sat at a little wooden table reading some papers. He was bareheaded, but wrapped up in his gray coat though the morning was mild. Two officers stood against the wall behind him, and at another table sat a man having the appearance of a secretary, writing swiftly. I stepped forward and saluted.

"The great man looked up and gave me a keen glance. 'Is this the sergeant?' he asked.

"Yes, sire," replied the officer who had conducted me.

"What is your name?" asked the Emperor, rising from his seat and coming towards me.

"Mazet, sire," I answered, 'sergeant of the Fortieth Chasseurs.'

"Yes, yes," he said quickly, 'I remember you. I gave you the cross after Auerstadt for the bravery you displayed there. Is it not so?'

"Yes, sire."

"Ah yes," he said with a smile, 'I know all my old grumblers. Well, sergeant, you performed another fine service yesterday, and you deserve another reward.'

"At this I thought I saw my opportunity. 'Sire,' I said in a trembling voice, 'I do not ask for a reward. I only wish for justice.'

"His eyes seemed to nail me to the wall. 'Justice!' he repeated in a rasping voice. 'Justice! Do I not tell you I intend to reward you?'

"Yes, sire," I said; 'but it is justice for my captain who was killed that I ask you for.'

"He looked at me fixedly and took a pinch of snuff. 'I do not understand you,' he said abruptly. 'Come, explain yourself.'

"At that, with a rush, I told him all from beginning to end. I commenced with the affair of the Polish lady at Warsaw and ended with the previous day's battle, giving him my captain's last words and describing how he had died.

"As I went on the Emperor began to pace to and fro across the wooden floor, and at the end he gave an impatient gesture and faced me again. 'Tut, sergeant!' he said irritably, 'you are talking nonsense. I have heard you so far because you behaved well yesterday, but let us have no more of this.'

"I felt my heart sink, but plucked up my courage for a last appeal. 'Sire, will your Majesty summon General Latour-Maubourg,' I asked, 'and, instead of rewarding me, ask him what orders he gave my colonel yesterday?'"

"'And why should I do that?' demanded the Emperor.

"'Because, sire,' I answered, 'I believe the General ordered the whole regiment to charge those two battalions instead of one squadron.'

"'He took snuff again, frowning. 'Yes,' he said in a thoughtful voice; 'I was going to ask about that. It was a reckless thing for one squadron to do. A mistake, no doubt.'

"'No, sire,' I said, my heart beating like a hammer. 'Colonel Lépine did it purposely in order to kill my captain.'

"'He whirled round upon me, and those terrible eyes stabbed me like sword-blades. 'Have a care, sergeant,' he cried; 'have a care! Do you understand what you are saying?'"

"'Yes, sire,' I answered as firmly as I could, 'I do.'

"'His frown grew heavier, and he began to pace across the room again. Suddenly he stopped and beckoned to one of the officers. 'Go to General Latour-Maubourg's quarters,' he commanded, 'and ask him to come here at once.' Then turning to the rest, he said brusquely, 'Gentlemen, I wish to be alone for a few minutes. Retire into the other room, and remember while you have been in here you have heard nothing.'

"'When they had trooped out he said, 'You see I have done as you asked. You shall have justice, my friend. If you have accused your colonel falsely you may possibly obtain more justice than you wish for.'

"'He went back to his table and turned to his papers again, still taking great pinches of snuff. I stood stiffly to attention, and stared straight in front of me. I can tell you, messieurs, that wait

of a quarter of an hour seemed much more terrible than the previous day's charge. I knew the Emperor; I could see plainly that he was very angry; and that if I could not prove what I had said all his rage would be turned upon me. I trembled as I thought of it, and a cold sweat broke out upon my forehead. But when I remembered I was doing this for the sake of my dead captain I grew calmer and less troubled.

"'At last there came the jingle of spurs from outside, the door opened, and the General was ushered in.

"'The Emperor shut his snuff-box with a snap and stood up. 'Good-morning, General,' he said. 'I shall not detain you long. I wish to ask you a question.'

"'Yes, sire?' said the General in a surprised tone.

"'When you ordered your brigade to charge the Russian infantry yesterday, what orders did you give to Colonel Lépine, commanding the Fortieth Chasseurs?'"

"'I directed him, sire, to take his regiment and charge the two battalions in front of him,' answered the General.

"'I gave a great sigh of relief.

"'Napoleon looked at the General with contracted brows. 'But he might have mistaken your orders?' he said questioningly.

"'No, sire,' replied the other; 'for I asked him to repeat my instructions, and he did so. I remember I was careful to do this, because his regiment, owing to a rise of the ground, did not come under my observation, and he would be responsible.'

"'Ha!' exclaimed the Emperor sharply. His frown became deeper still, and for some time he looked darkly at the ground without speaking. All at once he seemed to come to a decision.

"'I want your assistance in a little plot I am devising,' he said to the Gen-



eral. 'Will you go with this sergeant into the adjoining room and wait behind the door, leaving it ajar so that you can hear what takes place? Tell one of the officers to bring Colonel Lépine to me at once. The sergeant will give you the details of this affair.'

"We went into the next room and did as he commanded, standing close against the door.

" 'Well, sergeant,' said the General in a low, puzzled voice, 'what is the meaning of all this?'

" 'I told him in a whisper as much as I could. When I had finished he drew a deep breath and set his lips together. 'My faith!' he said, 'I think your colonel is a great rascal, and that you have exposed him finely. But he's going to pay for it when he comes before the Emperor. I never saw him so angry.'

"We waited silently, listening to the rustle of papers from the next room which told us that the Emperor had gone back to his reading. At length we heard the sound of a door being opened and a fresh jingle of spurs.

"Then Colonel Lépine's voice: 'You sent for me, sire?'

" 'Yes,' came from the Emperor in that caressing tone he used when he was in a good humor; 'I sent for you, colonel. I wished to tell you how pleased I was with the behavior of your regiment yesterday, particularly with that of one squadron which made a very fine charge. I saw the whole affair from Shervardino. You must bring me the officer commanding that squadron.'

" 'He was killed, sire, unfortunately.'

" 'Ah, that was a pity. I saw they lost heavily. But indeed, colonel, it was a wild thing for one squadron to make such a charge at all. I suppose you were ordered to send them alone?'

" 'Yes, sire,' replied my good colonel.

" 'By General Latour-Maubourg no doubt?'

" 'Yes, sire,' Lépine replied again; but

there seemed to be a quaver in his voice.

"There was the sound of rapid footsteps, the Emperor flung the door open, and we both stepped from our hiding-place. Lépine moved back a pace as he saw me, and his face turned absolutely gray.

" 'Well, General?' questioned Napoleon curtly.

" 'He lies, sire!' said my companion angrily. 'I gave him no such orders. He knows I did not.'

" 'Sire,' said the colonel in a hurried, stammering tone, 'I—I— It was a misunderstanding. The General did not'—

" 'No more words, sir!' burst out the Emperor in a terrible voice. 'Name of God, no more! You have condemned yourself. It is now my time to speak. I have heard the story from this sergeant. He says a woman was the cause of it. Now, listen. I do not care why you committed that crime; but I tell you this: you have disobeyed orders; you have lost me a valuable officer and over a hundred men. You have done this purposely in order to obtain your private revenge. For that you should be tried by court-martial and shot. But as I do not wish the story to get abroad in my army I will deal with you myself.'

"He stepped forward, his eyes afire. Lépine trembled before him like a hare caught in a trap. The Emperor stretched out his arms, pulled away the colonel's shoulder-straps, and cast them to the ground. 'Begone!' he cried; 'there is no room for such as you in the army of France. You are no longer in my service. Never let me see your face again.' Then, as my colonel still hesitated, he exclaimed in a voice like the hiss of a snake, 'Do you hear me? Go, I tell you—go!'

"And so Colonel Lépine, his head upon his breast, stumbled hastily from the room."

The old man knocked the ashes from



his pipe and looked gravely round at his three young companions.

"And was that the end of him?" asked one of them. "Did you never see him again?"

"Yes," said the veteran grimly; "oh yes, I saw him once more. It was during the last days of the retreat, when we had eaten nearly all our horses and just before we reached Wilna. I had fallen behind the wreck of my regiment because I was very weak. Night was coming on, and it was cold—oh, my God, so cold! I knew if I did not find a bivouac-fire soon I should die. As it grew darker I began to stumble over the dead bodies of men and horses, for in those days the Grand Army left a track like a snail's. When I ceased to trip over them I knew I had missed the

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road and must search until I found it again. I went on doggedly, hopelessly, making faces to prevent my ears and nose from freezing. As last I fell over a corpse and came down with a crash. As I raised myself slowly on my hands and knees I saw the face through the ice film. It was the colonel, frozen stiff and hard as iron. I suppose he had come back from Moscow with the rest of us, though I had never seen him. But there he was, dead, along with thousands of better men. You may think it strange, but I felt afraid of him, and in a way the meeting gave me strength to go forward until I saw the light of a fire belonging to my own comrades, and knew I was saved. So that was the end of him, messieurs, and that is the end of my story."

W. D. Gray.

## A GREAT PAGE OF HISTORY.

### II.—THE PERIOD OF CONSTRUCTION.

If Lord Cromer does not at present feel at liberty to subject more recent events in Egypt to the same exact methods of historical criticism which he employs so freely in the earlier part of his work, the materials supplied by his acute powers of observation, and handled with unflinching sympathy and scholarly breadth, enable the reader to follow him with equal interest and profit through the later phases of the Egyptian question which he has done so much to solve. The key to its solution was, indeed, found when he himself realized, and compelled the British Government to realize, that the two policies of speedy evacuation and of reform, which they had originally hoped to reconcile were fundamentally incompatible. Twice again British Ministers had recourse to their favorite device. Mr. Gladstone sent Lord Northbrook in 1884 to report, and Lord Salisbury deputed Sir H. Drummond Wolff

to make yet another attempt to get the Turk to play the part of *deus ex machina*. Both missions proved abortive. Evacuation was in fact ruled out from the moment when, as far back as October 9, 1883, Lord Cromer warned the British Government that if they decided to withdraw our troops, they must be prepared to turn a deaf ear to the cries which would be raised both in Parliament and in the Press, if the use of the *courbash* increased and generally the rough-and-ready means dear to the hearts of Oriental rulers were once more employed for the maintenance of public order in the absence of our red-coats. The British Government decided reluctantly but, as it turned out, irrevocably in favor of the policy of reform, though none then foresaw either the difficulties of the task or the magnitude of the results.

The reforms themselves occupy relatively little space in these volumes.

Have they not already been recorded at length in those admirable yearly reports to which Lord Cromer's footnotes refer the reader who may, and ought to, desire fuller information? What he has at heart is to explain the difficulties which had to be overcome by the workers who have toiled with him in the Egyptian vineyard so that their fellow-countrymen may repay as he does the debt of gratitude due to them. We wish we could quote the page in which he sets forth "the qualifications demanded of an ideal Anglo-Egyptian official." It might give pause to some of the stay-at-home critics. The striking peculiarity of what Lord Cromer aptly calls "the Egyptian puzzle" is that to the difficulties common to the grafting of Western reforms on to any Oriental polity are superadded exceptional difficulties arising out of special political conditions of an international order which differentiate Egypt from all other Oriental countries. The task of the British administrator in India is no easy one, but from the youngest civilian in the *mofussil* to the Lieutenant-Governor of a great Province every Anglo-Indian official knows exactly what is the scope of his duties and the extent of his authority, and, above all, he stands on the solid ground of British sovereign rights, undisputed either by the people of India or by foreign nations. The position of the French in Algeria, of the Russians in their Asiatic dependencies, is equally undisputed. In Tunis, where the French originally occupied a position somewhat analogous to ours in Egypt, they set to work at once to create for themselves the *situation nette* which their temperament demands. They got rid of the Capitulations, and they vested all substantial authority in their own officials. The French Resident-General presides over the Tunisian Council of Ministers, and the Frenchman is *ex officio* paramount in every branch of

the administration, even the local *Cafids* having each his French Controller sitting beside him. In Egypt, except as regards the Egyptian army which was at an early date placed under the direct authority of an English Commander-in-Chief, the *mot d'ordre* has been that the Englishman must do as little as possible to disturb the conditions which he found there, and must accept the limitations which they place upon him, in so far as they cannot be modified either by his own tact and personal influence with a modicum of diplomatic support in the background, or by the slow process of negotiation between Great Britain and the Powers. Above all, no frontal attacks, no violent solutions. Thus, after more than a quarter of a century of British occupation, Egypt is still a part of the Ottoman dominions, the Khedive reigns over it in virtue of the Sultan's Firman, the Egyptian Government consists of Egyptian Ministers appointed by the Khedive, the provincial administration is in the hands of Egyptians, from *Mudirs* or Governors down to *Omdehs* or village elders. The executive power remains, in fact, very largely, if not wholly, vested in Egyptians. No doubt, behind it there is the advisory power vested in the British officials, from his Majesty's Agent and Consul-General downwards, and in the last resort it is supreme, as Lord Granville years ago declared it must be. But the extent to which it can be exercised has been limited from the first by the conditions of British policy. In the early days, at any rate, when evacuation was being constantly talked about, the English adviser could not even be sure of fixity of tenure, and nothing was to be done that might prevent or delay evacuation. Later on, when the possibility of evacuation receded, there was still the fear of foreign complications to be reckoned with, and every administrative question in a

country where administrative internationalism so largely prevailed bore in it the potential germ of foreign complications.

Lord Cromer brushes aside the petty bickerings to which he was exposed in those days, when every European post in the Egyptian service was a bone of contention between rival diplomatists—indeed, he would not have us even now claim any monopoly for Englishmen—but he shows how fatal, both to efficiency and to economy, was the political internationalism which gripped the Commission of the Public Debt, the railway, and other important administrations. "The sheet-anchor of internationalism," he tersely remarks, "is that several men should be set to do the work of one"—and, he might have added, to do it badly. Still more serious was the paralyzing effect of internationalism upon larger issues of public policy, which required the consent of Continental Powers, with whom the determining consideration too often was merely "whether the policy of Great Britain in the Indian or Pacific Oceans was viewed with favor at Berlin or Paris." The Anglo-French Agreement, of which Lord Cromer was one of the chief promoters, at last set a term to the worst forms of obstruction in which international jealousy had so long and so wantonly revelled. But the reformer in Egypt, whether British or Egyptian, has still to reckon with another form of internationalism, less easy to remove, and in some directions even more fatal to progress—namely, the privileged position of the 113,000 foreigners of different nationalities who, by virtue of the Capitulations, form a sort of juridical *imperium in imperio*. How many of those who pose here as the champions of Egyptian self-government are aware that the main obstacle to Egyptian legislative autonomy is not the paternal tutelage exercised by the British representative,

be he ever so "autocratic," but the treaty rights acquired by more than a dozen foreign Powers ages before the British occupation, or that, if some slight advance has been made in the direction of that autonomy, and if Europeans in Egypt have now accepted a position of equality with the natives of the country in regard at least to taxation, this has been achieved only through British influence? One of the last and greatest schemes put forward by Lord Cromer, just before he left Egypt, is designed to bring about such a fusion of interests between the people of Egypt and the Europeans who have made their homes there that the latter shall be induced to waive some of the abnormal rights and privileges conferred upon them by the Capitulations and the former be placed in a position to "make their own laws, instead of being dependent on the vicissitudes of European politics and on the views taken in fifteen different capitals of the world by others who, however much they may be animated by good intentions, must necessarily be ignorant of local requirements."

But when all these more or less adventitious difficulties have been overcome, one inherent feature of the "Egyptian puzzle" will still remain unaltered—the heterogeneous character of the population. There are no more luminous chapters in Lord Cromer's work than those in which he describes the "dwellers in Egypt," Moslem and Christian and Jew, European and Turk, Syrian and Greek—the flotsam and jetsam deposited by successive waves of migration and conquest and religious strife and commercial adventure on that historic battlefield of nations where, until the Englishman planted his foot, the nine or ten million native Egyptians were consigned by each successive master to the foot of the social ladder, "a poor, ignorant, credulous, but withal not unkindly race, be-

ing such as sixty centuries of misgovernment and oppression by various rulers, from Pharaohs to Pashas, have made them." Whether he deals broadly with a given group as a whole, or typifies it in the portrait of some representative individual whom he has known, the picture is equally true to life, and drawn not only with the skill of an accomplished literary craftsman, but with the virile sympathy of one who is "gifted with an eye and a soul." He knows too much of the East to dogmatize, for the more a Western observer studies the Eastern mind the more he distrusts his own ability to read it. But, like all those who have knowledge, he holds that East is East and West is West. That in an overwhelmingly Mahomedan country like Egypt the barrier which the rigidity of Islam, "noble monotheism" though it may be, interposes between Christian and Moslem is practically insuperable he argues with a force which can hardly fail to carry conviction. As one who acknowledges with unaffected tenderness his own debt to the feminine influences which have brightened and stimulated his life, he lays stress upon the deadening influences which the degradation of the Eastern woman brings in its train. He might have called the East itself to witness. For who, for instance, passing straight from India into Burma has not leaped to the subtle change of social atmosphere produced by the relative freedom of the Burmese woman? For the grave turbaned Mahomedan of the old school, for the masterful Turco-Egyptian with his "rude standard of honor" and his traditions of rulership, for the blue-shirted fellah whose main end in life has ever been to devise some means for evading the extortionate demands of the tax-gatherer, Lord Cromer rightly pleads that he must not weigh them in a balance which they have never accepted. The Europeanized Egyptian

claims no such indulgence. Though the young Moslem who has passed through the European educational mill has generally cut himself adrift from the sheet anchor of his creed, he remains often as intolerant, sometimes even more intolerant, of Christianity and of all that Christianity stands for than the old orthodox Moslem, who neither knows nor cares for the things which Western learning teaches.

How this process of Europeanization will ultimately affect the public and private morality of the East is a momentous question; and Lord Cromer states it in terms which should be read and pondered by all who take a genuine interest in Oriental problems of statesmanship, and especially by those who fondly imagine that the solution lies in the crude and indiscriminating application of the formulæ of Western political wisdom. We can only quote a few sentences from this pregnant passage:—

There is an essential difference between the demosclemized Moslem and the Free-thinker in Europe. The latter is surrounded by an atmosphere of Christianity. . . . The fact that he is a Free-thinker does not cut him off from association and co-operation with his friends who may not share his disbelief or his doubts; his reason, his associations, and his hereditary qualities alike impel him to assert no less strongly than the orthodox Christian that the code of Christian morality must form the basis to regulate the relations between man and man in modern society. That morality has indeed taken such deep root in Europe that if, as would appear probable, the hold which revealed religion and theological dogma has on mankind is destined to be gradually relaxed, no moral cataclysm is to be anticipated.

Far different is the case of the Egyptian Free-thinker. He finds himself launched on a troubled sea without any rudder and without any pilot. Neither his past history nor his present associations impose any effective moral restraint upon him. . . . Having cut him-

self loose from his creed, no barrier, save that of cynical self-interest, serves to keep him within the limits of the moral code which is in some degree imposed on the European whose system he is endeavoring to copy. The society in which he moves does not seriously condemn untruthfulness and deceit. The social stigma with which vice of various kinds is visited is too feeble to exercise much practical effect. As he leaves the creed of his forefathers he casts no lingering look behind. He not only leaves it, but he spurns it. He rushes blindfold into the arms of European civilization, unmindful of the fact that what is visible to the eye constitutes merely the outward signs of that civilization, whilst the deep-seated ballast of Christian morality which regulates the occasionally eccentric movements of the vessel is hidden beneath the surface, and is difficult of acquisition by the pseudo-imitator of his European system.

What will be the price to be paid ultimately for introducing European civilization into these backward Eastern societies is the grave problem which faces us all over the East, in India no less than in Egypt, in dealing with

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Hindus as well as with Moslems. Time alone can show how it will be solved; and meanwhile all we can do as a nation is to take to heart, humbly and hopefully, the simple piece of advice with which Lord Cromer closes his last chapter—Whatever be the moral harvest we may reap, we must continue to do our duty, and our duty has been indicated to us by the Apostle St. Paul. We must not be "weary in well doing."

There is but one serious blemish in these two really great volumes. The index is deplorably inadequate and slovenly. It gives, for instance, only one reference to the second volume under the word Capitulations. We have ourselves noted eight separate references. Again, in the chapter on education, Yacoub Artin Pasha, whom Lord Cromer rightly describes as "by far the highest Egyptian authority on educational matters," is mentioned three times, but his name does not appear in the index. Other instances might be quoted. We hope this blemish will be removed in subsequent editions.

## THE DREADNOUGHTS.

### A BALLAD ADAPTED TO THE TWO-POWER STANDARD.

[Dedicated, without any responsibility on the part of *Mr. Punch* (that stern advocate of a strong Navy), and with apologies for all metrical and tactical irregularities, to those extreme Germanophobes who appear to forget sometimes that the "Two-Power Standard" was adopted in order to protect this country against any hostile combination of two Powers.]

#### I.

At Rosyth, in the North Sea, Sir Richard Grenville lay,  
And a submarine, like a spouting whale, came plunging from  
far away:

"German ships of war at sea! We have sighted fifty-three!"  
Then swore Lord Thomas Howard, "Fore God, I am no coward;  
I was never son of a gun, but I have not two to one;  
I have only a hundred-and-five; we must fly to keep alive.  
One-hundred-and-five *Dreadnoughts*! Can we fight with fifty-  
three?"

*The Dreadnoughts.*

## II.

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are no coward;  
 You keep the double standard of the Ad-mi-ra-li-tee.  
 But, although it *is* a beast-coast, I decline to leave the East-  
 coast;  
 I should count myself the coward if I left it, my Lord Howard,  
 To the porcelain-pipes and Sauerkraut and Schnapps of Ger-  
 manee."

## III.

So Lord Howard on a *Dreadnought* he swiftly passed away,  
 And he left one hundred-and-four to fight off the Eastern  
 shore;  
 And Sir Richard looked not to the right nor yet to the left that  
 day;  
     But his colors to his mast  
     With a nail he then made fast,  
 And the battle-array was fixed and the battle-signal was made  
 To the men who manned the ships; and they blest him with  
 their lips,  
 While the battle-thunder waited and the boldest grew afraid.

## IV.

He had only a hundred thousand men to work the ships and to  
 fight;  
 And he lay off Rosyth harbor till the German came in sight,  
 With his inky *Nassaus* smoking, fifty-three, and all abreast.  
     "Shall we fight or shall we fly?  
     Good Sir Richard, which is best?  
 Woe is us for two that fall us that would make them one to  
 two."  
 And Sir Richard said again:—"They be bulky Teuton men;  
 But we'll play a round of rubbers with these hairy German  
 lubbers;  
 And we'll batter them and shatter them, and beat them black  
 and blue."

## V.

Hundreds of their soldiers, with their *Pickelhauben* complete,  
 And hundreds of their sailors grew pale when they saw the  
 fleet  
     Steaming on and on, till we drew  
 A circle round about them with our two millions of tons,  
 And our turbines, and torpedoes, and our nine-point-something  
 guns,  
 And our men to fire them fitly, and our paint so bright and new.

. . . . .



VI.

And the sun went down and the stars came out far over the  
summer sea,  
But never a moment ceased the fight of the hundred-and-four  
and the fifty-three.  
And the night went down and the sun smiled out, as it often  
had smiled before,  
And still the fight was a sporting fight 'twixt the fifty-three  
and the hundred-and-four.  
And still they are booming and fighting on, for we know that  
it is not right,  
When the British are less than two to one, to finish a naval  
fight.  
And some are shattered, and some are sunk, but all are earning  
a deathless fame  
By keeping the Two-Power Standard true; I hope we may do  
the same.

Punch.

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THE LITERATURE OF INTROSPECTION.

There has been a notable increase lately in writings of a confidential and "intimate" kind. Mr. Compton Leith's "*Apologia Diffidentis*"<sup>1</sup> is a very finished product of the introspective school. The book has high literary merit; the style is full of melody and color, and the rich dreamy sentences rise into the air like wreaths of fragrant incense-smoke. But there is an inner charm as well; the book comes, one feels, from the heart, and is the expression of a refined and tender nature, forced, or at all events believing itself forced, into a reluctant renunciation of the very qualities which lend to life its inner glow: and thus the whole book is invested by a deep pathos, the pathos of the fate, whatever its ultimate significance may be, that so often gives a man or a woman the materials for happiness, and then just prevents the conscious realization of that happiness, or vitiates the quality of it by the admix-

ture of some subtle ingredient of pain or dissatisfaction.

Of course there are innumerable healthy and wholesome-minded people in the world, to whom such experience is practically unknown, people who take things as they come, and do not trouble to stop and inquire whether they are happy or no. Such natures as these are not even made self-conscious by suffering or grief. For them the troubles of life even provide an anodyne against self-tormenting reflection, just as the homely American saying declares that fleas are good for a dog, because they keep him from thinking too much about being a dog.

On the other hand, there are many human beings who are cursed or blessed, as the case may be, with what is called the artistic temperament. If this temperament finds facile and constant expression, and justifies itself by success in some province of art, the result is often a very happy one. Such

<sup>1</sup> London: Lane. 1908. 7s. 6d. net.

nature is kept sound and sane by its chosen work, which is also its greatest pleasure; it multiplies relations with others, it receives and enjoys a thousand subtle impressions from nature, books, friendship and art. Such a one, like Landor, may warm both hands before the fire of life. But it is not so with the inferior artistic temperaments, of whom it was perhaps a little cynically said that the net result is a great deal of temperament and very little art—there are many sensitive people, in the wrong setting, among uncongenial associates, tortured by ambitions which they cannot hope to realize, and by thoughts to which they cannot give utterance.

The writer of "*Apologia Diffidentis*" is not one of the latter; his love of Nature and of literature is deep and perceptive; his power of expression is great and of real poetical quality. But in his case the glow and zest of life are quenched and chilled by the sense of an incommunicable isolation. The book is not an egoistical one, for all its self-consciousness; there is little self-pity about it; almost the only touch of moral weakness is the too facile self-abandonment with which the writer seems to accept his doom. He uses the word "shyness" to describe the quality which divides him from his kind, and the result is a certain weakening of effect, because the word is hardly strong enough to bear the poignancy of meaning, the unhappy significance with which it is here charged. Shyness, in ordinary language, is a social, a trivial thing, not wholly displeasing in its appropriate setting, and often standing for a due and decent modesty of demeanor. But the quality which divides a man from the fellowship of men is something much deeper and more tragic, a reluctant coldness which freezes the warmest contact, a sensitiveness which shrinks back aghast from the most delicate touch. The

author unconsciously illustrates this when in an ingenious passage he speaks of women disliking shyness, and meeting out to it "a bitter and intolerable measure of disdain." This is not true of what is ordinarily known as shyness, for there is nothing to which women are more tender, or which they condone more readily. So, too, when he speaks of "the intimidating indifference" of the Englishman he is really reading his own isolation into what is after all only a superficial bluntness. What repels women and men alike is an aloofness of attitude, an incapacity to enter into simple and spontaneous relations—a want of humanity in fact.

And then in words and phrases of curious and haunted beauty this sad soul traces its attempt to find comfort in nature, in stoicism, in metaphysics—but the hollow places underfoot give back a dubious sound. And so the pathetic pilgrimage draws to an end, and leaves one with the sense that however brave and highminded the attempt has been, to win a peace which the world denies, it is not a real solution that has been arrived at:—

Back from that void I shrink in fear,  
And child-like hide myself in love.

And then arises the further question: To what extent is literature of this kind—for it is, after all is said, of a pathological type—desirable; to what extent is it even artistic?

The latter point may be dealt with first. Its artistic rightness depends solely upon the manner of presentment. There is no sort of reason why a problem of this mournful and intimate kind should not form the basis of a work of art; indeed, the more subtle and refined a problem is, the more scope it gives for artistic treatment. What is the Book of Job, what is "Hamlet," after all, but introspective literature? "Hamlet" indeed owes its unassailable

sway over the mind to the fact that it holds up a mirror to the secret failures in moral courage in the case of all who find circumstances too strong.

Again, we may ask whether such books are desirable. And here again much depends upon the treatment. So long as a piece of introspective literature is not a mere blabbing of secrets, a weak personal appeal for sympathy, but a sincere attempt to present and to meet a delicate moral problem, it may minister, if not strength, at least consolation to other souls who feel their loneliness in circumstances which, rightly or wrongly, have taken on a tragic tinge. It is true that the normally healthy person desires sympathy in prosperity rather than in adversity. In adversity he resents compassion, and only desires that his burden should be lifted; but the fact remains that the faculty of self-tormenting is far from being an ignoble thing. It is a fruitless thing enough when a man is solely pre-occupied with his own misfortunes; but when a temperament finds food for infinite melancholy in the failures and affliction of others, as Ruskin, for instance, did, it may be morbid, but it is essentially a noble madness. Nothing that enlarges our sympathies, that makes us feel,

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that arouses in us sorrow and compassion, is thrown away, unless such emotions are enjoyed in a purely artistic and luxurious mood, to heighten the sense of our own security. There is no need, of course, for healthy natures to plunge themselves into the contemplation of morbid griefs; but few of us can escape from the dominion of suffering at some time or another; and if there is any significance at all in the scheme of things, we may feel sure that not the least significant of the elements which make up the sum of human experiences is the sad and stern fibre of suffering which seems so wholly alien from our natures, which we would banish from our own lives, and from the lives of all humanity, if we could; the cause and necessity of which no philosopher has ever yet explained, and which does yet in so many cases produce such sweet and wholesome fruit. We may not profit by needlessly dwelling on the problem of suffering, but we profit still less if we attempt to ignore it; and thus introspective literature, which is often the literature of suffering, has its own place; the tendency to dwell on the problem unduly is perhaps a temptation of an over-sensitive age; but it is also an attempt to face the deepest mystery of life, and to pierce the shadow which surrounds us.

*Arthur C. Benson.*

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## COMFORT.

They lived in a flat on the fifth floor, facing a private park on one side, and on the other, through the branches of an elm tree, another block of flats as lofty as their own. It was very pleasant living up so high, where they were not disturbed by noises, by scents, or by the sight of other people—except such people as themselves. For, quite

unconsciously, they had long found out that it was best not to be obliged to see, or hear, or smell anything that made them feel uncomfortable. In this respect they were not remarkable; nor was their adoption of such an attitude to life unnatural. So will little Arctic animals grow fur that is very thick and white, or pigeons have heads

so small and breast feathers so absurdly thick that sportsmen in despair have been known to shoot them in the tail. They were, indeed, in some respects not unlike pigeons, a well-covered and personable couple. In one respect they differed from these birds—they had no wings, they never soared. But they were kindly folk, good to each other, very healthy, and with every wish to do their duty in the station to which they had been called. They had three children, a boy and two little daughters, who were all of them plump, and healthy, and good-looking. And had the world been made up entirely of themselves, their like, and progeny, it would—one felt—have been Utopia.

At eight o'clock each morning, lying in their beds with a little pot of tea between them, they read their letters, selecting first—by that mysterious instinct which makes men keep what is best until the end—those which looked as if they indicated the existence of another side of life. Having glanced at these, they would remark that such and such seemed a deserving sort of charity; that so and so, they were afraid, was hopeless; and it was only yesterday that this subscription had been paid. These evidences of an outer world were not too numerous; for, living in a flat, they had not the worry of rates with their perpetual reminder of social duties, even to the education of other people's children; the hall porter, too, would not let beggars use the lift; and they had set their faces against belonging to societies, of which they felt that there were far too many. They would pass on from letters such as these to read how their boy at school was "well and happy"; how Lady Bugloss would be so glad if they would dine on such a day; and of the awful weather Netta had experienced in the South of France.

Having dispersed, he to the bathroom, she to see if the children had

slept well, they would meet again at breakfast, and divide the newspaper. They took a journal which, having studied the art of making people comfortable, when compelled to notice things that had been happening in a cosmic, not a classic, sort of way, did so in a manner to inspire a certain confidence, as who should say: "We, as an organ of free thought and speech, invite you, genteel reader, to observe these little matters with your usual classic eye. That they are always there, we know; but as with meat, the well-done is well-done, and the underdone is underdone—for one to look too closely at the other would be peculiar, not to say subversive of the natural order of the joint, This is why, although we print this matter, we print it in a way that we are sure will enable you to read it in a classic, not a cosmic, spirit."

Having run their eyes over such pieces of intelligence, they turned to things of more immediate interest, the speeches of an Opposition statesman, which showed the man was probably a knave, and certainly a fool; the advertisements of motor cars, for they were seriously thinking of buying one; and a column on that international subject, the cricket match between Australia and the Mother Country. The reviews of books and plays they also read, noting carefully such as promised well, and those that were likely to make them feel uncomfortable. "I think we might go to that, dear; it seems nice," she would say; and he would answer: "Yes! And look here, don't put that novel on the list, I'm not going to read that." Then they would sit silent once again, holding the journal's pages up before their breasts, as though sheltering their hearts. If, by any chance, the journal recommended books which, when read, gave them pain—causing them to see that the world held people who were short of comfort—they were more grieved than angry, for some little

time not speaking much, then suddenly asseverating that they did not see the use of making yourself miserable over dismal, sordid matters; it was sad, but everybody had their troubles and if one looked into things, one almost always found that the sufferings of others were really their own fault. But their journal seldom failed them, and they seldom failed their journal; and whether they had made it what it was, or it had made them what they were, was one of those things no man knows.

They sat at right angles at the breakfast table, and when they glanced up at each other's cheeks their looks were kindly and affectionate. "You are a comfort to me, my dear, and I am a comfort to you," those glances said.

Her cheek, in fact, was firm and round, and rather pink, and its strong cheekbone mounted almost to the little dark niche of her gray eye. Her hair, which had a sheen as though the sun were always falling on it, seemed to caress the top curve of her clean pink ear. There was just the suspicion of a chin beneath her rounded jaw. His cheek was not so strong and moulded; it was flat, and colored reddish brown, with a small shining patch of special shaving just below the side growth of his hair, clipped close in to the top lobe of the ear. The bristly wing of his mustache showed sandy-brown above the corner of his lips, whose fullness was compressed. About that side view of his face there was the faintest suggestion that his appetites might some day get the better of his comfort.

Having finished breakfast they would separate; he to his vocation, she to her shopping and her calls. Their pursuit of these was marked by a direct and grave simplicity, a sort of genius for deciding what they should avoid, a real knowledge of what they wanted, and a certain power of getting it. They met again at dinner, and would recount all they had done throughout that busy

day: What risks he had taken at Lloyd's, where he was an underwriter; how she had ordered a skirt, been to a picture-gallery, and seen a Royal Personage; how he had looked in at Tattersall's about the boy's pony for the holidays; how she had interviewed three cooks without result. It was a pleasant thing to hear that talk, with its comfortable, home-like flavor, and its touching reliance on a real sympathy and understanding of each other.

Every now and then they would come home indignant or distressed, having seen a lost dog, or a horse dead from heat or overwork. They were peculiarly affected by the sufferings of animals; and covering her pink ears, she would cry: "Oh, Dick! how horrible!" or he would say: "Damn! Don't rub it in, old girl!" If they had seen any human being in distress, they rarely mentioned or, indeed, remembered it, partly because it was such a common sight, partly because their instincts reasoned thus: "If I once begin to see what is happening before my eyes all day, and every day, I shall either feel uncomfortable and be compelled to give time and sympathy and money, and do harm into the bargain, destroying people's independence; or I shall become cynical, which is repulsive. But, if I stay in my own garden—as it were—and never look outside, I shall not see what is happening, and if I do not see, it will be as if there were nothing there to see!" Deeper still than this, no doubt, they had an instinctive knowledge that they were the fittest persons in the State. They did not follow out this feeling in terms of reasoning, but they must have dimly understood that it was because their fathers, themselves, and children, had all lived in comfort, and that if they once began diminishing that comfort they would become nervous, and deteriorate. This deep instinct, for which Nature was responsible, made them feel that it was no real use to



concern themselves with anything that did not help to preserve their comfort, and the comfort of those they were likely to be breeding from, to a degree that would ensure their nerves and their perceptions being coated, so that they literally could not see. It made them feel—with a splendid subtlety which kept them quite unconscious—that this was their duty to Nature, to themselves, and to the State.

Seated at dinner, they were more than ever like two pigeons, when those comfortable, home-like birds are seen close together on a lawn, looking at each other between the movements of their necks towards the food before them. And suddenly, pausing perhaps with sweetbread on his fork, he would fix his round light eyes on the bowl of flowers before him, and say: "I saw Helen to-day, looking as thin as a lath; she simply wears herself to death working down there: Such a pity! She'd be quite good-looking!"

When they had finished eating they would go down-stairs, and, summoning a cab, be driven to the play. On the way, they looked straight before them, digesting their food. In the streets the lamplight whitened the wet pavements, and the wind blew impartially on starved faces, and faces like their own. Turning to him a little suddenly, she would murmur: "I can't make up my mind, dear, whether to get the children's summer suits at once, or wait till after Easter." When he had answered, there would again be silence. And as the cab turned into a by-street, a woman, with a shawl over her head and a baby in her arms, would pass, perhaps, just before the horse's nose, and turning her deathly face, mutter an imprecation. Throwing out the end of his cigar, he would say quietly: "Look here, if we're not going abroad this year, you know, it's time I looked out for a fishing up in Skye." Then, recovering the main thoroughfare,

they would reach their destination.

The theatre had for them a strange attraction. They experienced beneath its roof a peculiar sense of rest, like that some man-at-arms would feel in the old days when, putting off his armor, he stretched his feet out in the evening to the fire. It was a double process that produced in them this feeling of repose. They must have had a dim suspicion that they had been going about all day in armor; they must have known that here, and here alone, they would be really safe against gaunt realities, and naked truths; they must have felt that nothing here could possibly assail their comfort, since the commercial value of the piece depended on its pleasing them. Everything would therefore be presented in a classic, not a cosmic, spirit, suitable to people of their status. Dimly they must have felt all this; but that was only half the process which wrought in them this sense of ease. For, seated side by side, their attentive eyes fixed on the stage, the delightful thrill of "seeing life" would come; and this "life"—that was so far removed from life—seemed to bring to them a blessed absolution from all need to look on it in other forms.

And they would come out, subtly inspired, secretly strengthened. And whether the play had made them what they were or they had made the play, was another of those things that no man knows. Their spiritual exaltation would take them to their Mansions, and elevate them till they reached their door.

But when—seldom, luckily—their Journal was at fault, and they found themselves confronted with a play subversive of their comfort, their faces, at first attentive, would grow a little puzzled, then hurt, and lastly angry; and they would turn to each other, as though by exchanging anger they could minimize the harm that they were suffering. She would say in a loud whisper: "I think it's a perfectly disgusting

play!" and he would answer: "So dull—that's what I complain of!"

After a play like this they talked a good deal in the cab on the way home, of anything except the play, as though sending it to Coventry; but every now and then a queer silence would fall between them. He would break it by clucking his tongue against his palate, remarking: "That play's left a beastly taste in my mouth!" And she, with her arms folded on her breast, would give herself a little hug of comfort. They felt how unfairly this play had taken them to see it. So wonderful their instinct for keeping harmful things away, so beautifully thick the feathers on their breasts!

On evenings such as this, before going to their room, they would steal into the nursery—she in advance, he following as if it were queer of him—and, standing side by side, watch their little daughters sleeping. The pallid radiance of the night-light fell on the little beds, and on those small forms so con-

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fidently quiet; it fell, too, on their own watching faces, and showed the faintly smiling, soft, proud look about her lips, over the feathered collar of her cloak; showed his face, above the whiteness of his shirt front, ruddy, almost shining, craning forward with a little, pleased, and puzzled grin, which seemed to say: "They're rather sweet; how the devil did I come to have them?"

So, often, must two pigeons have stood, looking at their round, soft, gray-white young! Then, turning, they would touch each other's arms and point out a tiny hand crumpled together on the pillow, or a little mouth pouting at sleep, and steal away on tiptoe.

In their own room, standing a minute at the window, they inhaled the fresh night air, with a reviving sense of comfort. Out there, the moonlight silvered the ragged branches of the elm tree, the dark block of Mansions opposite—what else it silvered in the town, they fortunately could not see!

John Galsworthy.

## THE VILLAGE AT PLAY.

Last summer's outbreak of "pag-eantitis" demonstrated anew the humiliating truth that almost any age in our history is more picturesque from a spectacular point of view than our own, the "rude barbarian" in woad and skins figuring on the pageant stage from which that product of high civilization, the twentieth-century man in twentieth-century garb, is rigorously excluded. Nor may we lay to our souls the flattering unction that familiarity is responsible for the contempt thus displayed towards our sartorial efforts. Bygone costumes and usages owe the fascination they wield over us not merely to the glamor of the past. There was an elegant leisure, a color and richness,

about English life before steam and electricity quickened its pace to the present breathless rush. These characteristics, which reached high-water mark during the Elizabethan era, overflowed, not into painting and sculpture, as elsewhere, but into literature, domestic architecture, and a thousand channels of everyday existence. The backwash of the wave touched even the lower classes, lending their amusements a variety and exuberance that distinguish them no longer. The very names of some of those forgotten pastimes breathe a rural charm; such are "barley-break" and "cherry-pit," of the latter of which the drunken philosopher declared that "it is not for gravity to

play at cherry-pit with the devil." The former, somewhat analogous to "Tom Tiddler's Ground," was a favorite Sunday afternoon and holiday game. It was played by three couples, a lad and a lass, who stood in as many circles roughly drawn on the turf. The pair in the centre plot, which was called "hell," endeavored to catch one of the other couples as they rushed through from side to side, and if successful, exchanged places with their prisoners.

With "barley-break" and "cherry-pit" has vanished "Plough Monday," the next after Twelfth Day, when the ploughmen drew their plough around the village, gathering money that later they spent in rustic revels, in feasting, drinking, and dancing, amid the gambols of hobby-horses and clowns. The modern fair with its switchback, its circus shows, its brazen band or blaring steam-organ, has superseded the Whitsun morris-dances; the Church wake is represented by the village feast, with its few booths and merry-go-rounds on the green. The maypole sports have shrunk to some half-dozen children who play truant from school to parade the parish tricked out in parti-colored streamers and masks that have not the merit of prettiness and are not sufficiently ugly to be comic. Of the "Heathen Company" that on high days and holidays marched to church under the banner of the Lord of Misrule, "their pipers piping, their drummers thundering, their stumps dancing, the bells on their legs jingling, their handkerchiefs swinging about their heads like madmen, their hobby-horses skirmishing among the throng," none are left save a remnant of the old-fashioned mummers who survive here and there among the Wessex villages. One of the present writer's earliest recollections is that of being awakened in what seemed the dead of night—in reality it

was between eight and nine o'clock—of being wrapped in blankets and carried downstairs to see the mummers. Dreamy and confused, invested with a halo of wonder, mystery, and delight, those rare moments of dissipation come back,—the winter darkness outside; the crowd of quaintly dressed men whose lanterns shed a sickly, yellowish, wavering light over the motley figures; "King George," recognized by the crown above his head-gear; the doctor in his tall white hat; "Tinker Mary," a veritable daughter of the plough; and, looming spectral through the gloom, the white horse, a real flesh-and-blood animal of gaunt and ancient frame. The combat, the hero's fall—"King Jarge is 'ounded to the heart"—stirred to their depths our childish feelings, which were scarcely to be soothed by his subsequent miraculous recovery, and by the songs and dances that brought the proceedings to a close.

The white horse recalls a custom that prevailed twenty years ago, and perhaps may still do so, in a part of Oxfordshire. On "Oak-hackle Day," thirty to forty young men, trained "runners," would don strange costumes prepared for the occasion, would powder their faces and decorate their persons with oak-leaves and nettles. A favorite method of using the latter was to cut out the crown of a round felt hat and fill in the space with them. Thus arrayed, the youths would run throughout the district, making a "tower of all the villages round," to quote the local authority for this description, who himself took part in the fun. With them they led "the powdered pony," which was whitened by artificial means, though to what use he was put the chronicler omitted to state. The party sang, danced, and "played music of their own on a tor-rabllish" string band, the only tunes the countryman could recognize being

"God Save" and "Hearts of Oak." "The runners gathered pounds, and the boys, who could not run so far or so fast, cut across country and joined the company for the merry-come-up at the place where they had started from." "Oak-hackle Day" was observed in this locality as a festival, the lads generally marking it by the wearing of nettles in their hats, the stems being tied round with string to make them stand upright. In Oxford City the town boys have a recognized rite and formula for May 29th. The latter consists of the following cryptic utterance: "Shick-shack-monkey-powder, and nettles after four," the meaning of which is that until noon a "shick-shack" or oak-leaf is to be worn in the button-hole; it is then replaced by "monkey-powder," which the dialect dictionary explains to be "a leaf of the ash-tree worn in the afternoon of Royal Oak Day." "After four" o'clock, any boy who omits to place a nettle conspicuously about his person is liable "to be stung by all the other nettles." "Shick-shack Day" is observed in various parts of England, a writer in *Notes and Queries* some years ago giving an account of how the boys of the College School, Gloucester, invariably hooted and pinched those of their companions who did not provide themselves on that date with an oak-leaf. It may be of interest to note that Bailey's Dictionary gives under "Shack"—"In Norfolk, the liberty of Common for hogs in all men's Grounds from the end of Harvest till Seedtime"; and under "Shackling"—"The season when the Mast is ripe."

November 5th is still commemorated by the youth of the village, though Guy Fawkes seldom figures in the celebrations, which tend more and more to become a vehicle for the expression of public disapproval or for the gratification of a private grudge. If a "small tradesman" exert what the defaulting

debtor chooses to consider undue pressure in order to recover moneys for which the creditor may have waited long and patiently; if a householder object to pilferers entering his premises and helping themselves to what they fancy; if an employer of labor make himself obnoxious to a section of the villagers, his—or her—effigy will of a surety be given the place of dishonor on Guy Fawkes Day. In one instance known to the writer, a farmer who acted as manager to the aged widow of a well-to-do agriculturist thought fit to cut off the supply of beer with which the man about the house was surreptitiously treating his friends at his mistress's expense. For this criminal offence the farmer and his housekeeper were burnt with every insult the rustic mind could devise. The figures, mounted on a hand-cart, were drawn round the village to an accompaniment of shrieks, yells, and cat-calls; they were then hanged upon a mock gibbet and were beaten to rags, the fragments being finally collected and burnt on the green. Neither age, sex, nor position is spared in such demonstrations, though one would have thought that they must be repugnant to the Englishman's love of fair play. Somewhat similar to this rough-and-ready method of injustice, and less reprehensible, seasoned also with a touch of humor, is the practice that prevails in some parts of Wessex of propping a woman's effigy outside the door of a notorious "scold," or fixing it in the branches of a tree near her window.

Among village games, cricket and football are still the most popular; others of a more unconventional type also find favor on feast days and holidays. One that affords amusement to players and spectators alike is a mop tournament, in which two men, grotesquely attired, their faces blacked or powdered, are mounted each on the shoulders of a comrade. From this un-

steady perch the "knights" lunge at one another with mops that have been dipped in whitewash or "ruddle," every "hit" on the combatants' faces being greeted with roars of laughter. As may be expected, the "rounds" are brief, the staggering bearers not being able to sustain the weight of a full-grown man on their shoulders for more than a few minutes at a stretch. Another favorite game with the youths is that of "unicorn," which the boys may be seen practising in private that they may show to better advantage before the public. For this seven boys are needed to every team,—three, standing abreast, form the cart; harnessed in front of them, unicorn fashion, are three more. When the equipage is ready to start, the driver gathers the long reins in his hand, and standing on the shoulders of the "cart" sets the team in motion. A "unicorn" race, in which several sets of competitors are engaged, is an exquisitely funny sight, but of too short duration, since a driver who can keep his balance for twenty yards is considered to have acquitted himself brilliantly. "Jacob's Ladder"

*The Spectator.*

the writer has seen played (in Holland) by a company of Danes who called it "Sweethearting." When every lad, save one, has chosen his lass, the couples place themselves in column of two persons abreast, the girls behind each other, the men beside them. Facing the head of the line stands the partnerless youth, who claps his hands thrice. At the last signal, the bottom couple dart out, the lad to the right, the lass to the left, and endeavor to meet and join hands again before the unmated hunter can catch the girl. If he succeed, he takes his place with her at the head of the couples, and his rival is left to try his fortune in his turn. The tall, well-grown Danish girls ran like hares. The flying figures, the pounce of the captor, the triumph depicted in his face when he led his prize home, carried back the imagination to the days of the Vikings—when surely the game must have been invented—the "Winged Hats" who rode the waves and who won their brides, as they held them, by the right of might.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Mr. Harlan P. Ballard's translation of the second half of the *Æneid* is written in the same spirit as the first, which appeared some months ago; his admiration for his author is extravagant; he spares no pains to attain what he deems to be perfection. If his scansion be not always faultless, it is evident that it seems correct to him, and that nine times blotting would bring him no nearer perfection. The translation is sufficiently free to be given to a student of Latin in those schools in which the pupil is permitted to use an English version lest he overtax his brain. Yet it does not err on the side of li-

cense. Those who do not read Latin will find the volume a pleasant substitute. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. publish "The Yale Cup," the sixth volume in A. T. Dudley's Phillips-Exeter series, a spirited story of school life, dealing both with its sports and its more serious aspects and describing a contest for a much-coveted prize; "Dave Porter in the Far North" the fourth volume in the indefatigable Edward Stratemeyer's Dave Porter series; and for younger readers "Laureled Leaders for Little Folk," by Mary E.



Phillips, a quarto volume, printed upon heavy paper and decorated and illustrated with almost bewildering profusion, and conveying to the readers for whom it is designed incidents in the boyhood of Colonel Higginson and in the life of Mr. Longfellow.

Professor Borden P. Bowne's "Personalism" contains the six N. W. Harris lectures delivered before the Northwestern University and respectively entitled "Common Sense, Science and Philosophy"; "The Problem of Knowledge"; "Phenomenality of the Physical World"; "Mechanical or Volitional Causality"; "The Failure of Impersonalism," and "The Personal World." As these discourses are perfectly well understood to be philosophical they will be neglected by the ordinary reader as matters interesting to the scholar only, but they are so written as to be entirely comprehensible to any one with a fair understanding of English, and as the book deals with matters deciding the manner of thinking and its direction it is of importance to all. Its style is exceedingly agreeable. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"The Care of the Body," by Dr. Francis Cavanaugh, although by no means to be confounded with those "Beauty Books" which would make Helen a fright in a very brief space of faithful observance of their counsel, is written with so much sensible regard for common prejudices that it considers appearances in all its recommendations and is more valuable as a dressing-table manual than most works especially prepared for that purpose. Mothers, nurses and teachers will also find it useful, and as it considers the whole body it may very well displace all the small special manuals which make work for the oculist, the aurist, and the dentist by imperfect or incorrect instruction. The work is purely

hygienic, and may fearlessly be put in the hands of a young person of either sex. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Mrs. Percy Dearmer's "The Sisters" teaches that character and virtue will conquer all manner of evil in the end, and presents a large number of sorts of evil that the reader may see them conquered, so many indeed that the prosaic matter of fact man may fancy that he is reading police court reports instead of a plea for goodness. The mother of one of the sisters is an unspeakable person; the mother of the other incredibly free from human weakness and their daughters are like them. The other women and all the men but one are as bad as opportunity permits and fastidious readers will hardly persist until they reach the moral. While there are copy books and Old Farmers Almanacs it is hardly worth while to read so much that is unpleasant in order to reach what they give for less trouble. The McClure Company.

To be both meek and militant is given to few and Mr. Edmund G. Gardner's "St. Catherine of Siena" will unveil a new type to most of its readers. The author has aimed at presenting a study of the religion, history, and literature of the fourteenth century and has succeeded well with all these three objects, and at the same time has made a brilliant biography of the Saint herself. The precise value of his work is a matter to be settled only by the very small number of students of history and hagiology whose learning approaches his, but its immense importance to the reader of Italian history may be seen by inspecting its list of new sources. As a collection of adventures no novel of its period surpasses it, and indeed few of the fourteenth century priests or laymen known to the novelist are absent from its pages. Beyond all else in giving distinction to the work is

the author's steadfast faith in the Saint both as a patriot and as a holy woman, and his ardent devotion to his task. It is this devotion which burns along the line and brings a glow to the coldest heart. The book is choicely printed and illustrated and well but not elaborately indexed. E. P. Dutton & Co.

One does not expect plain history from Miss Clara Tschudi, but rather pleasant narrative, and her biographies of various royal personages are far from the scandalous chronicles written by persons who forget that the whole truth is exacted only from those on oath to reveal it. In "Ludwig the Second, King of Bavaria," she describes a monarch whose life ended within the memory of thousands, and was so strange in many ways, that it stands apart from those of his brother monarchs. Handsome, brave, endowed with that correct taste in art which is only second to genius, he had, though fully convinced of his superiority to all beings not royal, the gift of making himself beloved by his subjects who have already created a myth in which he is exalted to wonderful heights of amiability and beauty. Had he been born four or even two centuries earlier, he would have been a most picturesque historical figure, and would have lived to a good old age, spending the realm's money, and dying bewept by all his artistic lieges, but his lot was cast in a time which insisted that sovereigns should be rational. So he was happy for a little space, then fell into wrangling with his ministers and all others who desired to save him from himself, and ended by taking himself out of a world which had no place for him. The story precisely suits Miss Tschudi's taste and she relates it gracefully and sympathetically. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Doubtless there are persons whose carefully-kept minds have never been sufficiently open to frivolity to admit a

suggestion that it would be most delightful for a moment to forget all time, and to go wheresoever the lightest zephyrs suggest, faring on, irresponsibly happy; and such well-regulated persons will see no forgiveness for the hero of Mr. James Prior's "A Walking Gentleman." He, a peer of England, within less than twenty-four hours of the fulfilment of his betrothal vows to the loveliest girl of his own class, idly joins a vulgar picnic party of utter strangers, all 'Arries and 'Arriets, allows himself to be kept away from the wedding ceremony, and then from no definite, confessed motive, lets himself sink below the surface of ordinary life and drifts idly for months, walking from place to place. His money being exhausted, he attaches himself to other waifs of the road and lives as best he can, now and then encountering his betrothed, who has not lost her faith in him, and has indeed borne her desertion so gallantly that all who have even heard of her are full of anxiety for her happiness. The author has ingeniously and delicately treated the novel position which he has created and not once does he return to the path of conventional fiction. He has succeeded in being original without violating any convention of decency, and yet there are those ready to swear that every possible respectable plot has been employed. If Mr. Prior deserved no other commendation he should be heartily thanked for having deprived both the stupid man and the mercenary and immodest woman of their favorite apologies for their work, but he has earned the gratitude of all who like clever originality. Moreover he does not explain his hero's feelings, his motives, or his lack of motives, and therefore shall his name be heard over the tea-tables now, and resound along the hotel-piazas next summer. There are whole wars and cycles of war in the possible fighting over the book. E. P. Dutton & Co.

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